HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. II.—No. 54.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1858. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

THE last number of the *Weekly* commenced a new volume. The Contents of the first volume, published in its concluding number, justify the assertion that no publication, either in America or in Europe, contains an equal amount of instruction and entertainment. The proprietors intend to spare no pains or expense to make the coming volume still more valuable and welcome.

HON. JEFFERSON DAVIS,

UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM MISSISSIPPI.

THE portrait of the Hon. Jefferson Davis, which we give below, is from a photograph recently taken at Washington, and is considered very felicitous. As it is generally understood that Senator Davis will be the Administration leader in the Senate, the public will naturally feel a desire to see what sort of a man he is.

His modesty is such that the materials for his biography are scanty. It is known that his father was a Kentuckian, a farmer, it is believed, who transferred his residence from Kentucky to Mississippi Territory early in the present century, taking with him his infant son Jefferson, who was born about 1806. The father's means enabled the son to receive the best education the country afforded. After the usual course at school he entered Transylvania College, Kentucky, where he remained until his father obtained for him admission to West Point. It was in 1822 that he entered West Point Academy; he left it, with honor, in 1828, as brevet Second Lieutenant, and at his own request was placed in active service. The only wars of the time were the frontier affairs against the Indians; in these young Davis distinguished himself in so marked a manner, that, when a new regiment of Dragoons was formed, he at once obtained a commission as First Lieutenant. His exploits during seven years of Indian warfare resemble those of all the brave officers who have been engaged in the same service. The only fact that is remembered of him is the romantic attachment which sprang up between him and his prisoner, the famous Indian chief "Black Hawk." The latter forgot his animosity to the people of the United States in the friendship and admiration he felt for Lieutenant Davis: not until his death was the bond of amity between the two brave men severed.

In 1835, the United States being at peace with the world, and likely to remain so, Lieutenant Davis grew tired of military life, and settled down quietly on a cotton plantation in Mississippi. For eight years his life was tranquil and obscure; the duties of his plantation, diversified with study, engrossed his time. He devoted many hours per day to the perusal and study of political works, acquiring that remarkable fund of varied information to which he is indebted for much of his subsequent distinction.

In 1843 he took the stump for Polk, from an intimate conviction that the Democratic party was the only one which was likely to deal fairly with the South; and having attracted no little attention in his State by his vigor and ability, he was sent to Congress at the election which took place in 1845. He had only been a few months at Washington when the Mexican war broke out. He wrote home earnestly urging upon his friends not to allow Mississippi to be behind her sister States in contributing men for the war. The answer was an announcement that a regiment of volunteers had been formed, and that he had been chosen as its colonel. He resigned his post in Congress instantly, and joined the *corps d'armée* under General Taylor.

Very few officers in the army which marched against Mexico achieved so much distinction as Colonel Davis. Space forbids our attempting to follow him throughout the campaign; suffice it to say, that, wherever danger was to be encountered or glory won, there Colonel Davis, with his Mississippi rifles, was to be found. Buena Vista, especially, bears witness to his eminence as a soldier: his men—though volunteers—showed a steadiness which equaled any thing that might have been expected of veteran troops; and they were handled in so masterly a way, that, if the glory of that day were to be assigned to any one corps rather than any other, they would probably bear away the palm. Every one remembers the proud appeal of Colonel Davis to another regiment of volunteers, who were finding the fire rather warm, to "Stay and re-form behind that wall" —pointing to his Mississippians. Throughout the war, he and his brave riflemen loom up at intervals whenever the fire grows hot or the emergency grave, and never without good effect. They were armed with a peculiar rifle, now best known as the Mississippi rifle, chosen by their Colonel himself; it was scarcely less deadly than the Minié. Their Colonel set the example of intrepidity and recklessness of personal injury: at Buena Vista he was badly wounded at an early part of the action; but he sat his horse steadily till the day was won, and refused even to delegate a portion of his duties to his subordinate officers.

The term of service for which the Mississippians had volunteered having expired they were disbanded; and the surgeons insisted on the Colonel withdrawing from active service, in order to give that attention to his wound which it deserved. He was not long permitted, however, to nurse himself on his plantation. In the fall the Executive of his State appointed him United States Senator, to fill a vacancy, and as soon as the Legislature met he was elected unanimously to the office for the ensuing six years. This was, in fact, Colonel Davis's first appearance as a prominent actor in Federal politics. Though, on his first long speech in the House of Representatives, so good a judge as John Quincy Adams had pronounced him a man of infinite promise, his term in the House had been too brief to justify the prediction; it was left for the Senator to fulfill the hope of the Representative. He was chosen Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, in compliment to his military fame; but his most conspicuous function was the defense of the doctrine of States' Rights, and Southern institutions. Those who remember the stormy sessions of 1849-'50 and 1850-'51 can not have forgotten the force and the heat with which Senator Davis defended the doctrines peculiar to his section of the country. In feeling, at least, he was a young man still.

In September, 1851, he was nominated for Governor by the Democrats of his State, and in obedience to an honorable practice which ought to be more common in the North, he instantly vacated his seat in the Senate. The canvass was animated, and the contest warm, but he was defeated by about a thousand votes, and Mississippi remained in the hands of the enemy. Ex-Senator Davis retired to his plantation, and once more found solace and occupation in the study of politics and history.

When Mr. Pierce was nominated for the Presidency, the result in the States of Mississippi, Tennessee, and Louisiana being very doubtful, Mr. Davis took the stump on his behalf. Of all the Southern Democratic speakers, he was perhaps the most zealous and effective. In the judgment of the political managers no one stood higher than he; and his engagements till the close of the campaign were more than he could fulfill.

Partly in reward of these services, and partly in consequence of his obvious capacity for the post, he was chosen by President Pierce to fill the responsible position of Secretary of War. He discharged the duties of that office to the general satisfaction of the army during the whole of President Pierce's term of office. His Reports are eminently creditable, and evince a high order of administrative ability. It is deeply to be regretted that his disagreements with the Commander-in-chief—whose popularity with the people at large is almost unparalleled—were ever suffered to see the light.

At the close of President Pierce's administration Mr. Davis was again chosen United States Senator by the Legislature of Mississippi. His peculiar force, the devotion he has so often evinced to the interests of the South, and his unswerving fidelity to the cardinal principles of the Democratic faith, pointed him out as an available leader of the Administration party in Congress. It is expected that, ere the session progresses much further, he will vindicate the wisdom of the selection.

Colonel Davis married, some years since, a daughter of General Zachary Taylor. At her death he married a lady whose amiability and tact have made him many friends.

In the North, Colonel Davis is regarded—somewhat unjustly, perhaps—as a type of the Southern fire-eater. Many persons who have never seen him fancy him quarrelsome, petulant, hot-headed, turbulent. His appearance in the Senate does not justify these views. A prim, smooth-looking man, with a precise manner, stiff soldierly carriage, and cold expression; his head fuller, seemingly, of statistics and hard, dry principles than any thing else; his voice cool and firm, without tremor or excitement: he is the last person a spectator would pick out as "the fire-eater." In his own country he is intensely beloved—chiefly from his kind and gentle disposition. He is a man of whom Mississippi may well be proud.

HON. JEFFERSON DAVIS, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM MISSISSIPPI.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY WHITEHURST, WASHINGTON, D. C.]

PUBLISHERS' CARD.

MR. THACKERAY'S new Story, "THE VIRGINIANS," with many humorous illustrations by the author, is commenced in the DECEMBER number of *Harper's Magazine*. It is printed from early sheets, received from the author in advance of publication in England; for which the Publishers pay Mr. Thackeray the sum of $2000.

☞ With the full knowledge of this arrangement, the proprietors of the *New York Tribune*, who have been leading advocates of an international Copyright Law, and profess the warmest regard for the interests of British authors in this country, have begun

to copy this Story from our Magazine into their paper, *though without the author's admirable illustrations.* The same parties, under the same circumstances, reprinted upon us Mr. Dickens's "Little Dorrit," for which we paid the author Two Thousand Dollars.

No American publisher can afford to give two thousand dollars for early sheets of a foreign work which is instantly reprinted upon him by a rival in business.

The course of the *Tribune* is, therefore, decidedly calculated to deprive the British author of the only compensation he can get, in the present state of the law.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1858.

THE RIGHTS AND WRONGS OF FILIBUSTERISM.

THE event of holiday week has been the arrest of William Walker by Commodore Paulding, and his forced return to the United States. On one side, a portion of the Northern press have rejoiced over what they consider a just punishment of piracy; on the other, the Southern journals, almost without exception, take ground against Commodore Paulding, and in favor of Walker. The Administration has a sop for both extremes. President Buchanan is understood to be willing to sustain the action of the Commodore, notwithstanding all legal objections; but Secretary Cass, on behalf of the Government, does not recognize that Walker is a prisoner. At New Orleans and Mobile meetings have been held, at which not only the course of the United States Navy has been denounced, but material aid—men, money, and munitions of war—have been promised to the remnant of Walker's force now in Nicaragua; and at the same time Humphrey Marshall and others have given out that they will move Congress to have Walker returned to Nicaragua in a national vessel. Opponents of Filibusterism, in the North, consider the arrest of Walker as implying such ill-luck and mismanagement on his part, that he is forever disqualified from the command of future filibustering expeditions; others, on the contrary, argue that the interposition of the United States Navy was of all accidents the only one against which he had no reason to be on his guard. There are those who pretend that Commodore Paulding really rendered Walker substantial service by getting him out of a hopeless scrape, and making a martyr of him; but there are others who reason that, after the capture of the steamers—which was effected before Walker left—the Great Filibuster, small as his force was, was in fact the master of the situation and of Nicaragua.

Amidst this chaos of conflicting sentiments, a few principles loom out in clear certainty. Had Walker been overhauled by Commodore Paulding on the high seas, he might unquestionably have been arrested and brought home; but after he reached the soil of Nicaragua, the legal question was entirely changed. Walker claims to be a citizen of Nicaragua; and as the laws of the United States recognize the right of a citizen to expatriate himself, and to obtain a naturalization abroad, this country has no right to question his Nicaraguan citizenship. Of the fact, his election bears substantial evidence. Now, nothing can be more clear than that a United States commodore has no right to land men in a foreign country and kidnap a citizen of that country. Let us illustrate the case. During the Russian war, certain agents of the British Government came here, enlisted men to serve in the British army, and conveyed those men to Halifax, in defiance of our laws. What would have been thought of a United States commodore who had chased such an agent to Halifax, landed a boat's crew there, seized the Englishman, and brought him here for trial? Would any body have sustained so high-handed a proceeding?

With the character and aims of Walker we have nothing to do. He may be the pirate certain persons assert him to be; he may be cruel, relentless, heartless, and all the rest; but if he was a citizen of Nicaragua, Commodore Paulding had no more right to kidnap him and bring him here than he would have to land a boat's crew in the Thames, and bring us Lord Palmerston or Prince Albert in irons.

At the same time, it is rather probable that the right to complain of Walker's arrest and extradition lies exclusively with the Government and people of Nicaragua. Citizens of the United States seem to have no more right to complain of what has been done—save in a purely officious way—than subjects of Great Britain or Frenchmen. If this be so, then, so far as national interests are concerned, we must wait for a remonstrance from Nicaragua before we can act. Privately, William Walker may possibly have individual recourse against Commodore Paulding; but publicly, the only nation that would appear to be entitled to demand redress is Nicaragua.

It will be well, therefore, to wait to see what the Nicaraguans may do before forming any decided judgment.

SHALL THE MURDERERS BE HANGED?

THE Court of Pardons of New Jersey has decided not to commute the sentence of death passed some time since on the murderer Donnelly. The Court has acted rightly; after the case of Cueva, especially, it behooved our neighbors not to justify the growing suspicion that the trade in blood was as free in the Jerseys as in Ashantee or New York. It now remains to be seen whether the effort which has been made by many respectable persons in this State to revive the old practice of executing the laws will be successful or not.

On the fate of two individuals—Rodgers and Cancemi—does the question hang. The facts in both cases are familiar to the public. Rodgers—a youth under twenty—met, in a public street, a gentleman walking home quietly with his wife, insulted him, and, when his victim turned to expostulate, stabbed him to death. There had been no quarrel between the parties. They had never met before. The deed was a spontaneous outburst of that savage ferocity which is peculiar to the rowdies of New York. If this had been a solitary, unusual accident, it might be argued that a long confinement would answer the ends of justice. But the animus which prompted Rodgers to take the life of Swanson pervades a very considerable class of individuals. There have been half a hundred cases during the year in which men of Rodgers's stamp and age have imperiled or actually taken life. There are youths of that class to be met with every evening in the thoroughfares of the city, who, on the least provocation, or on no provocation at all, are ready to use the knife they carry up their sleeve, or the slung-shot in their hand. For months, nay, for years, these vermin have infested the city, and, under one name or another, have been the terror of quiet people. They have pursued their lawless career with the recklessness which the uncertainty of the administration of justice, and, at the worst, the quasi-certainty of ultimate pardon, were calculated to inspire. Rodgers appears to be the type of the class: ready, at a moment's notice, and without earthly motive, to take life; very sorry for it after the deed is done, and quite anxious not to be hanged.

Cancemi is a villain of another cast. He was a housebreaker. A mechanic by day, a robber by night. He had a character to preserve; and so, when the policeman Anderson tried to arrest him, he shot him dead in order to escape. The law holds that an assault upon an officer in the execution of his duty is more heinous than an assault upon a private individual; not because, intrinsically, the person of the one is better worth preserving than that of the other; but because law-breakers are so sorely tempted to kill those who try to arrest them. It is in the power of many single wards of this city to turn out a force which could overcome the whole body of the police. To guard against this, the law of this as of every civilized land stamps with peculiar reprobation attempts to resist the constituted authorities; and it is to that feature of the law that we owe our reliance on the police, in spite of their physical weakness. This aim of the law will be defeated if Cancemi—a man who shot a policeman in the execution of his duty—be not adequately punished.

The question, then, amounts simply to this: is incarceration an adequate punishment? Will it operate to prevent rowdies of the class of Rodgers from carrying and using knives? Will it deter housebreakers from murdering policemen in order to escape? We have experience as well as reason to guide us in forming a judgment on this point. For some years public sentiment in this State has been averse to capital punishment. No matter how heinous the crime, the authorities have considered the State Prison and Penitentiary a sufficient retribution. The consequence is before us in the shape of a prodigious development of crime, especially in the more heinous grades—murders, rapes, arson, and burglary. Furthermore, the unanimous testimony of the bar and the reporters declares that criminals entertain no dread of prisons. They regard them as temporary asylums, presenting many advantages over their usual abodes. They know that in respect of health and ease of mind they will be better off in prison than at home. They are perfectly aware that the term of years for which they are sentenced is merely nominal, and that a complacent Governor will set them at liberty long before they have served out their time. Practically, to such a man as Rodgers, it matters but little whether he ply his trade in jail or out of it. Thus, the great end of punishment being to prevent, not to avenge crime, the imprisonment of a noted criminal fails entirely in its object. His comrades hardly know of it; it strikes them with no terror. He is missed for a day or two, then forgotten. Nobody is struck with dismay, and led to ponder on the brink—to hold back from meditated sin—by the news that So-and-so has been sent to the State Prison. A villain holds his breath with dread and horror at the news that his friend has been hanged—the idea shocks and terrifies; it is a staring, awful reality which may well deter the boldest. But the Penitentiary—bah! every body laughs at it. *It does not avail, in any sensible degree, to attain the only end and aim of punishment.*

A few days will decide whether Governor King belongs to the party which, in obedience to these reasons, seeks to have the laws fairly executed, or whether he shares the notions of the enthusiasts and politicians who would pardon every body, and trust to Providence for the protection of life and property.

KANSAS.

AT the election appointed by the Lecompton Convention the Constitution framed by that body, *with the slavery clause*, was adopted by a large majority of the voters. In other words, the bulk of the people of Kansas abstained from the election, and the handful of pro-slavery men who still remain in the Territory voted as their instincts suggested. Rumors reach us already to the effect that frauds, even more monstrous than those which Governor Walker defeated at the last election, have been perpetrated by the politicians who are bent on keeping the Kansas quarrel alive. On the other hand, on 4th January the people of Kansas will vote on that Constitution in obedience to the act of the Legislature. There is little doubt but they will vote it down altogether, slavery clause and all.

Congress will thus be placed in possession of two distinct votes of the Kansas people: the one ratifying the Lecompton Constitution, the other rejecting it; and both, so far as will legally appear, will seem to be clothed with every element of validity.

The *New York Herald*, which is said to have the ear of the Administration, argues that Congress should at once recognize Kansas as a State, under the Lecompton Constitution, as ratified on 21st December, with the slavery clause, and that the duty of abolishing slavery and altering the Constitution should be left to the people of Kansas. The view is entitled to respect. But it is more than doubtful whether it will concur with the sentiment of the House of Representatives.

The vote of 4th January will be entitled to as much regard as that of 21st December: the rejection of the Constitution will deserve as much respect as its ratification. Between the two the simplest solution of the difficulty would appear to be, a Congressional Enabling Act, providing for a new Convention and the submission of a new Constitution to the people; and this is the course which Congress will probably adopt.

THE LOUNGER.

VALE!

THE old year died so delicately—going out in June softness—so unlike the grim, bleak, icy death he usually dies—that the tone of these little verses has the deepest sympathy with the peculiar grace and beauty of the season.

They came just too late for last week:

FAREWELL TO THE OLD YEAR.

The Old Year said to me, as he lay dying,
"Why dost thou look upon my face with sighing?"
A gush of happy tears prevented my replying!

Old year! blest year! oh, ever can another
Lead me, like thee, as gently as a mother?
Kindly reprove me as an elder brother?

Untried, the future years are slowly creeping—
O year of years! my *life* was in thy keeping;
And thus I stand beside thy couch with weeping!

Loved year! lost year! thy latest breath is fleeting;
A stranger comes, with slow and solemn greeting—
O speak to me once more, and bless our meeting!

True friend, we part! Though many men will blame thee,
And with blind hearts will thanklessly defame thee,
As God's eternal angel still I claim thee!

Farewell!

THALBERG.

THE American tour of Thalberg fell in an unfortunate year, and yet his notes have not been at a discount. He has played in earnest all over the country, making it a great keyboard over which he has run from one end to the other, and now lifts his fingers, puts one hand upon his heart and one upon his pocket, and so bows himself gracefully away.

There has been no difference of opinion about him as there was about Jenny Lind and other famous musical artists who have come to us. The simple perfection of his performance was at once appreciated, and always enjoyed; and yet at last it cloyed. No one cared to hear for more than the twentieth time the same fantasia played in the same way. At the twenty-first hearing it began to sound a little trite.

But this was not the fault of the artist—if it were any fault at all. It was merely the limitation of interest in the instrument. Thalberg plays the piano as well as it can be played, but then the piano is a very circumscribed instrument. He seems to understand its resources perfectly, and to develop them with complete skill, but he is not a bit of a mountebank. He does not play with his shoulders, or body, or ambrosial locks. What the piano can do in the interpretation of a piece of music, he makes it do—and no more.

That is the difference between Thalberg and other equally celebrated performers. Thalberg's playing is not suggestive. It is entirely satisfactory in itself (with the limitation mentioned), but it does not leave the feeling that the player could do a great deal more; nor does it raise any haunting image of a great orchestra pouring force and fullness, blood and substance, into the music the performer sketches upon the keyboard. He trills exquisitely, but he never thrills. There is exquisite symmetry in all he does; but in the greatest works of art, of every kind, there is a fragmentary and incomplete character. It is the nimbus of what might be hanging like a halo around what is.

Arion will take care that the great pianist sails smoothly wherever he goes. Triton will blow his wreathed horn before his bark; and, perhaps, some happy day hereafter, ladies of quality will part his glove among them, for souvenirs of that dexterous hand—as late befell his great rival Liszt after a concert in Germany.

And who knows, but that with much patience and many Thalbergs, even we Bœotians may one day attain to a similar homage to art and artists?

"THE VIRGINIANS."

THIS is the Lounger whispering to you upon his own responsibility.

As an author—for every body who drives a pen for the public (except clerks of criminal courts) may be considered authors—the Lounger has his opinions about all subjects interesting to the guild.

The Most Worshipful Company of Scribblers get very little recognition from the Law, and no international protection at all. After twenty-eight years their rights to their own property cease—with a possible renewal for half that time—and then their pretty garden is turned into an open common.

Of course this is matter of high debate. The very fact that the Law seriously limits all copyright, and that general public sentiment has not yet occasioned an international understanding upon the subject of literary property, show that the question has another side—although as an author, and a man with his ordinary allowance of common sense, the Lounger insists upon saying for himself that he can not see the beauty nor the justice of that other side.

But what the letter of the Law does not protect is often guarded by a private sense of justice and comity; and it has grown to be a courtesy and custom of trade for American publishers to allow a consideration to the English author for any peculiar favor from which the publisher may derive an advantage, such as the forwarding of an advance copy for reprint.

This is the course pursued by the first Boston publishers of Carlyle's works; by the publishers of the American editions of De Quincey, Tennyson, Kingsley, Reade; and by the American publishers of the novels of Dickens, Thackeray, and Bulwer.

It is a course adopted in instances where the sale of the work and the advantage to the publisher are very sure. Where he assumes a risk he acts upon his discretion, in the matter of pecuniary acknowledgment.

The English branch of the Most Worshipful Company beforementioned have great satisfaction in this arrangement, which is all gain to them. It is, however, a matter of pure comity. If one publisher agrees to give Mr. Dickens a certain sum for his new novel, another publisher may still reprint it without paying him any thing.

In such a case it is, unfortunately, clear that the author has a poor chance of getting any foreign consideration for his next work; and it is, therefore, only natural that Mr. Thackeray should say, in a letter which the Lounger has read, that he is sorry to hear of the reprint of "The Virginians" by the *Tribune*—and equally natural that he should speak in the kindest way of the publishers who pay him a large sum monthly for the advance-sheets of his story.

Of course he knows that he has no remedy—that no foreign author can remonstrate with any effect—that if he comes over and talks about it, as Dickens did, he is reviled afterward as a base ingrate—although it is not considered indelicate or improper for men in other professions to try all they can for the protection of their property every where.

The part of wisdom for the author is silence. But the other day, in a corner of a newspaper, the Lounger saw a gleam of light—a kind of day-dawning effect. Upon closer scrutiny he discovered an "item" announcing that Lord Napier had in contemplation an international copyright treaty.

Dear, good Lord Napier!

But, alas! had not Mr. Everett—a scholar, an author, dear to Clio—also a treaty in contemplation?

Father Miller has the Millennium in contemplation!

HINTS UPON THE FORMATION OF AN EDITOR.

A VALUABLE correspondent sends us the following line:

"DEAR LOUNGER,—I propose to establish a popular, high-toned, influential, prosperous, and successful daily journal in Tilletudlem, and I write to ask you for a name, and some general directions in editing.

"Yours, fraternally,

"TEAZEWELL LONGBOW."

The title is obvious. It must at once assert the character and scope of the sheet. All instinct and analogy indicate *The Tilletudlem Turkey-Cock and Daily Strutter* as the only proper name for such a sheet.

The course of the paper must strictly conform to the programme of the title. Mr. Longbow has only to consult his fellow Longbows of the other daily newspapers, to ascertain the proper rule of conduct for his sheet.

Thus he must never acknowledge the existence of any other paper in the same neighborhood, except by sneers, innuendoes, or the lie direct. He is to assume that his sheet is the only source of news to every reader. He is to say what he chooses, and never to budge from it. If he is caught in inconsistencies, if he is pierced with his own falsehoods, he is to brave it out. If he declares in large type that the Hon. Timothy Thwicket was yesterday seen to drink a hot sling at The Shades, and it is proved that the Hon. Timothy was at that

very moment poulticing his swelled thumb in another city, an intrepid editor is to declare stoutly that there may be some unimportant error as to time, but he has the pleasure of presenting the following letter from an unquestionable authority, by which it appears that five years ago the Honorable Timothy was seen by five persons to eat a *dozen Shrewsbury upon the* HALF SHELL!! The principle of the tactics is old enough. If a boy treads on your toe, "sarce" his sister.

The *Tilletudlem Turkey-Cock* must also lay hold of every incident in public and private life, and whenever any event, of whatever kind, occurs, it must refer to its distinct prophecy of this state of things, and these consequences. If a large fire breaks out in the Bay, the *Daily Strutter* will promptly announce: "As we have constantly foretold, in spite of scorn and crimination, inspired only by our vast genius, foresight, common sense, and intelligence [tautologies not to be heeded], and influenced solely by a desire of the public good, the catastrophe has at last arrived. As long ago as last January we drew public attention to the vast accumulation of ice about Governor's Island. A venal, infidel, mad-dog, and Lollard press affected to despise our warnings. We pointed out the imminent danger of spontaneous combustion. We dispatched reporters daily to the piling ice. We were not to be deceived by any amount of water. We were not to be deterred by the most delusive crystallization. Our readers will remember that while the *Weeping Warbler* and the *Pap-Spoon*, the *Evening Skimpole* and the *Morning Micawber*, were lulling their few readers into false security, and like mean, miserable, canting, driveling, theoretical curs, turnspits, and carrion, as they are, were calling us names, we were confident of our position, proud of the support of the common-sense of Tilletudlem, and now, at last, every thing turns out just as we said it would; our filthy enemies are wallowing in their native mire, and the whole Bay is blazing beautifully! This result was inevitable; only addlebrains could have failed to discover it. We have always expressed such views, and they are based upon a profound and comprehensive study of cause and effect, and a searching and exhaustive investigation of all the laws of nature, both known and unknown. We are notorious for our consistency, philosophy, and principle. Perhaps people will now see into whose pockets they ought to drop their coppers, and what newspapers they ought to buy."

In like manner, if the unerring telegraph should waft from veracious Washington the faintest whisper that Lord Tubberly Blunder is coming out to complete the negotiations for the draining of the Gulf of Mexico, print your leader at once, exposing his whole policy, which you must guess at as well as you can. And the next day, when you learn that it is not Lord Tubberly who is coming about the Gulf of Mexico, but only Sir Araby Blest, who brings a hot poker to melt out the Northwest Passage, fly to your desk and announce that, as you have always insisted, it is idle to undertake the draining of the Gulf, but that at length the man and the poker to stir up the Northwest Passage have arrived.

This is, in brief, the great secret of journalism: you, the editor, know every thing; we, the public, are asses, dunces, and nincompoops.

The advantage of the treatment of affairs resulting from that secret is, that every body believes you and it. To-day, for instance, you say, "white is green;" next week you say, "as we have always insisted, supported by profound and comprehensive, etc., etc., white is black." Of course you inspire vast confidence, because nobody remembers last week's theory — of course not; seven days have intervened, if not eight. Nobody ever says, "What an old ass Longbow is!" Nobody ever sneers, "What profound perspicacity old Teazewell L. displays!" No other editor ever prints what you said last year and what you say to-day. None of your readers have sense enough to know that it is very difficult, even if not impossible, to foretell precisely where the lightning is going to strike. Every body believes you are, if an editor, actuated solely by public benevolence, and the desire of helping mankind. The whole world is aware that no newspaper is a grindstone, and that axes are never ground upon it; and who does not implicitly rely upon every statement in its columns, especially when it is laudatory of the energy, enterprise, perseverance, and superiority of that particular journal over all other possible or conceivable newspapers?

The Lounger presents these hints to Mr. Teazewell Longbow, and begs to inclose his subscription to the *Tilletudlem Turkey-Cock and Daily Strutter*.

"THE GRAND AQUARIA."

THIS may be the most surprising and beautiful object ever witnessed. It undoubtedly is so. But, splendid as it is, it can not equal the gorgeousness of the announcement of it made in the bills of the play. The happy traveler city-ward *must* be doomed to disappointment if he thinks any thing in fact can come up to the following sketch of fancy, describing the Aquarium. The celebrated Robbins, the slop-shop laureates, all the artists in advertisements, must pine and droop in presence of this triumph. The poets, also, whose pallets are getting out of color, are respectfully recommended to a close study of the subjoined. The Lounger perceives that his own style is already infected by that of the extract, and he hastens to present the following novelty "in the way of the picturesque" in advertising. The author is speaking of the Aquarium:

"The various classes of Adepts engaged in its elaborate construction having been for nearly four months industriously absorbed in the study and labor necessary to produce it in a style of the Most Incomparable Perfection. These

OCEAN AND RIVER CONSERVATORIES

are the most exquisitely interesting things to contemplate ever yet presented to the admiring gaze of mankind by the ministering hand of TASTE and REFINEMENT. They present us with a striking illustration of

LIFE BENEATH THE WAVES,

where the finny tribe disport amid the coral grottoes of the deep, enjoy the cool arcades of marine vegetation, make affectionate advances in their mossy retreats, or wander through the water flower-beds where the purple and gold *Laurencia*, the brilliant blue *Cadophoræ*, the glittering crimson *Delesseria*, the pearl-tinted *Choudras*, and the rosy-hued *Coralline*, present an infinite variety to be rivaled in novelty and gorgeous beauty by nothing in the way of the picturesque upon dry land."

Making "affectionate advances" in "retreats" is a masterly touch "in the way" of bold description. But it is invidious to particularize; the whole bill is a prose-poem; it is only surpassed in literature by Dr. Johnson's criticisms on poetry.

Among other interesting facts in connection with the Aquarium, we are informed in the bill that "*Punch* lately let off the following rhymes upon the subject." Then follows the good "*Invitation to the Aquarium*," concluding as follows:

"O! pretty sight, how I delight
Of nature in the study. The water here
Is oh! so clear; it would not do if muddy.

My dicky sings and claps his wings,
I know that what he wishes, is to escape
His cage and scrape acquaintance with the fishes.

Now tell me, do, suppose that you,
Your mode of life could vary, which would you like?
To be my pike? or to be my canary?"

The Lounger will now "let off" the reader, by informing him, in the exquisite words of the bill, that "the scene is at once WONDERFUL AND INTENSELY BEAUTIFUL. Hours of delight may be spent in watching the habits of the lobster, oyster, and muscle, and in examining the singular mechanism with which the shrimp, the star-fish, the sea spider, the trout, pike, sea anemonies, and nudibranchs SEIZE AND DEVOUR THEIR PREY and disport themselves as freely as if they were still enjoying their full latitude in the ocean or river where they first saw life.

"No pen can describe the beauty of the brilliant zoophytes, which embody nearly every color and shade known to us. Many of these sea animals have every appearance of belonging to the vegetable kingdom, and we are thrilled with an indescribable sensation as we behold these apparent plants and flowers extend their stems or leaves and seize such prey as comes within their grasp."

PROPOSALS FOR MAKING NEWS.

THE advertiser, a person of ready pen and imagination, wishes, by the kind permission of the Lounger, to recommend himself as a suitable personage to conduct a newspaper correspondence at the seat of government, or at whatever point may be deemed desirable. He does not offer himself for such a post without proper consideration. He flatters himself he can give his letters a singular air of probability: he can use the most persuasive and conciliatory phrases: he can have any thing required "upon the most undoubted authority," from the "most reliable sources," and from a "perfectly well-informed quarter."

He will supply, also, in desirable quantities, details of personal gossip—especially such as relates to the private conversation of distinguished men, and the contents of secret letters and dispatches. He will take care to have foreseen every thing that occurs, as well as to prophesy accurately events that never happen. For a liberal compensation he will be in the confidence of any designated person, and circulate in all distinguished circles. In fact, he will present every day a charming and interesting novel of political society, with his best efforts at appropriate adjectives, punctuation, and spelling. Above all, he will not forget the due observance of that variety which is so sharp a spice in performances of this nature.

The advertiser would be unwilling to contract for more than fifty daily letters to different parts of the country — engaging faithfully to supply an attractive diversity of news.

For terms, he begs to refer to himself; for specimens, to the subjoined extracts from his simultaneous correspondence with various journals:

From the Katahdin Catamount.

"I have it on the best authority that Mr. Jones and Mr. Jenkins met to-day, on the way to the Capitol. The inevitable meeting was foreseen by several sagacious members who had watched them approaching from some distance. The street was in a bustle of excitement in a moment. Every carriage stopped, and every foot-passenger crowded to the point. The two honorable gentlemen came on—there was no such thing as avoiding the meeting—and as they passed, they said (and I know the fact, so that you may safely disregard whatever you hear that does not agree with my report)—they said as follows:

"Mr. Jones was the first to raise his hand to his hat; as he did so, he remarked, in a voice entirely calm and collected,

"'*Jenkins, how are you?*'

"Mr. Jenkins, with similar courtesy, bowed with a manly smile, and replied, without the slightest hesitation or embarrassment,

"'*Thank you, Jones, very well.*'

"The moment after, they were seated in their places in the House, apparently entirely unconscious of what had passed between them. But, as you may suppose, the city is given over to surmises and inquiries; and I have rarely seen the good people of our national metropolis so painfully excited. Of course, it is impossible to say what may come of it; and you will grant it is, at least, a singular and highly interesting affair.

"There is no truth in the rumor, which I observe has been flying along the telegraph, that the youngest page in the House has applied caustic to the wart upon the little finger of his left hand. The story probably originated in the fact that, in carrying a paper to the clerk's desk, he, by a mere chance, happened to strike his *right* hand against a newly-painted desk, and the dark paint left a little stain upon the THUMB! You may rely upon what I say, when I tell you that a little water—a very little water—applied the next morning removed all trace of the accident. It is idle to magnify such a simple story as this into caustic and warts.

"A gentleman, who was present, informs me that yesterday morning just as the President of the United States was stepping into his carriage he sneezed once audibly. There were appearances of an immediate repetition of the proceeding; but after pausing and holding his mouth open for a moment in intense expectation, the second sneeze was evidently a miscarriage; and, without the slightest interruption of his purpose, the President of twenty millions of freemen seated himself in his carriage and drove away. My informant saw him, as he disappeared from sight, pulling out a yellow silk handkerchief from the pocket of his coat, with the evident intention of blowing his nose.

"I have seen a copy of the new treaty with China. It gives us the privilege of drinking as much tea as we can pay for, and proposes that we shall have a chance at the rebuilding of the Chinese Wall, when it falls out of repair, if it shall be thought advisable. Our minister says nothing about the natives changing their complexion, and Yeh will not insist that we shall wear queues. The Chinese Government agree to call the President 'His Excellency,' if we will concede to the Emperor the title of Great Grandfather of the Fixed Stars. It is upon this latter clause that I anticipate the most serious debate. The Honorable Terewth Chadband has openly declared that he shall bring astronomy to bear upon the discussion, and proposes to show at length that a man can not be the parent of a star, and, consequently, can not be the great grandfather of any number of stars, whether fixed or otherwise. Naturally, at first sight, this course will seem simply fool-hardy to any one who reflects that Miss Cushman and Mr. Charles Mathews must have had parents and grandparents; but the debate will not be any the less brilliant and instructive. Mr. Chadband passes all his nights at the National Observatory collecting facts. He will doubtless make out a strong case."

From the Bunting Banner.

"Jenkins and Jones are at swords'-points. They met to-day on the Avenue, scowled fiercely, muttered some kind of oath, thrust their hands under their coats, as if for concealed weapons, and so passed on. The greatest excitement prevails. It is currently rumored that Mrs. Jenkins has declared openly that Mrs. Jones is no better than she should be. You may rely upon the accuracy of my statements.

"I have it from the highest authority that there will be no treaty with China. Yeh insists upon the President's wearing a queue, and upon limiting the extent of the American female foot to four inches. There is a large party in the ladies' lobby in favor of this claim; but I hardly think it will be carried. Still you must not be surprised at any thing. For some reasons it is very likely to happen; for others, it is hardly possible. I am quite confident it will turn out one way or the other.

"You may hear some absurd story of the President's sneezing the other day. Don't believe it; it was merely an ordinary blowing of the nose. All kinds of stories are flying about the capital. But I happen to *know* that it was no sneeze at all.

"Baron Munchausen gives a ball to-night, for which a thousand invitations have been out for a week. Last evening Mrs. Brutus gave a grand party. All the fashion and beauty of the city were present. Mrs. A—— was magnificent, in a green bandana turned over with lacings *aux bottes*. Miss B—— was lovely, in a *blanket de bambino*, edged with blue. Madame C—g—h, the wife of the Patagonian Embassador, wore a very *recherché* costume of green feathers and porcupine quills. The remainder of the letters of the alphabet were each more beautiful than the other. The tables groaned under all the luxuries of the season. Mr. Blue announced the guests in the most affable and European manner; and 'all went merry as those evening bells,' as Milton so beautifully observes."

The advertiser sees that he is presuming too far upon the courtesy and space of the Lounger. But he is quite sure that the intelligent reader will at once perceive his eminent qualifications for the post he solicits. It will be seen that he undertakes to supply that variety, even upon the same theme, which is aptly termed—by Pope, he believes—the spice of life. He thus supplies agreeable topics of conversation, and even of correspondence, in every quarter of his beloved native land; and he humbly submits that while the Daily ——, and the Weekly ——, and the Bi-Weekly ——, and the Monthly ——, keep such correspondents (charming and vivacious as he is too happy to allow them to be) at the seat of government, such talents and experience, such knowledge of the toilet and of statesmanship as he fortunately possesses, should not be allowed to be unemployed.

For references and terms (as already stated) please apply to the advertiser.

THE LETTER-BOX.

—C. DODGE, *South Danvers, Massachusetts.*—There seems to be no more reason for spelling Esquire with a small e than Reverend with a little r. We know of no proper rule for doing it more than for spelling theatre with a ter. If words are to be spelled as they are pronounced, all the g-h-t's must be abolished, as, *might*, *bright*, *fright*, *thought*, *wrought*, etc. In this country, however, the Declaration of Independence extends to the language. *Plow* and *plough* are both correct now because good use sanctions both. If any body thinks fit to follow the German, and modestly spell the personal pronoun I with a small i, who shall complain? It will be eccentric until it collects a majority. How long since *route* was pronounced *rowt*? Good usage now makes it *root*. If you choose to direct your letters thus: *mr. john smith, esquire, new york*, is it not a free and enlightened country?

Bohemian Walks and Talks.

"UTILE DULCI."

AMONG other little amiable weaknesses of female New York is a biennial sporadic attack of charity, benevolence, philanthropy, and other good works. It is quite remarkable that this weakness is always perceptible at a time when every one is poor, and therefore when it would appear to be impossible to gratify it. Old Mr. Dash, who owes a hundred thousand dollars, and can't pay his debts, naturally thinks it absurd that an angel of mercy in a thirty-dollar bonnet should come down upon him for five dollars for a family not actually so poor as his own. Don't you imagine that the angels are not fully aware of this fact. Bless your soul! they are much more intelligent than the old-fashioned cherub that sat up aloft to keep a look-out for poor Jack. They would have raised a subscription in Wall Street to buy poor Jack a life-preserver; and, if necessary, opened the Woman's Hospital to Mrs. Poor Jack, and the Nursery to the little Poor Jacks.

Now you must understand that the Woman's Hospital and the Nursery are the fashionable charities just now, and if the fashionable world never did any thing worse, some of us would not have so much to write about. As is ever the case, these good institutions very often get into debt. All good institutions get into debt, or rather debt is the normal state of all good institutions—Bohemians especially. Singularly enough, they always get into debt at the most unfortunate time—as I said before—at a time when no one has any money. The Hospital got in a bad way early in the winter, when a noble woman, who ought to have a statue —I mean Mrs. RANDOLPH STONE—attempted to revive its fortunes by concerts, which, I believe, were failures.

Well, the concerts not being successful, a grand strategic movement upon the purses of all New York was resolved upon. The scheme had been tried before with success, and was now pressed with such vigor as to attract the attention of the leading journals, who made the great Ball a topic of discussion, like the adventures of the Messieurs Walker, or the didoes of our younger sister, Miss Kansas. The list of managers included all sorts of people, from colonels in the army to captains of target companies — Knickerbockers and *parvenus*, aldermen, common councilmen, journalists, and other people unknown to good society. They all worked together for once. The lady patronesses armed themselves with tickets, and went forth seeking young men whom they might devour. They came down upon the regions of trade with a swoop that carried off many a solitary bank-note which had been keeping ward and watch in an otherwise untenanted waistcoat pocket. Young men were enticed into suspicious flirting corners, and then suddenly confronted with huge pieces of pasteboard at two dollars each. No bank parlor was too sacred, no counting-house too inaccessible to the angels. Ethelinda engaged in the work with all the arder of her gushing heart, and came down upon Front Street like a Texan Ranger on a Camanche Indian. The dear creature sat for half an hour upon a barrel of pork waiting for a heavy produce merchant, who suspected her errand and sent word he was engaged. That flimsy subterfuge cost him five times as much in the end.

As you may well imagine, the Ball was a great affair. Every body, in the thorough sense of the term, was there; and there was the usual amount of dancing, flirting, and drinking. The Academy of Music is a finer ball-room than the Paris Grand Opera-house; and it is only at the Academy that good public balls are given here. So the Nursery and the Hospital were set on their legs again; the angels did a good act, and had a very good time while they were doing it. As for the young men, I can only give them the advice of Ethelinda: "Well, let them leave off their *nasty* cigars, and their *horrid* billiards, and their *odious* drinks, and then they'd have more money for us."

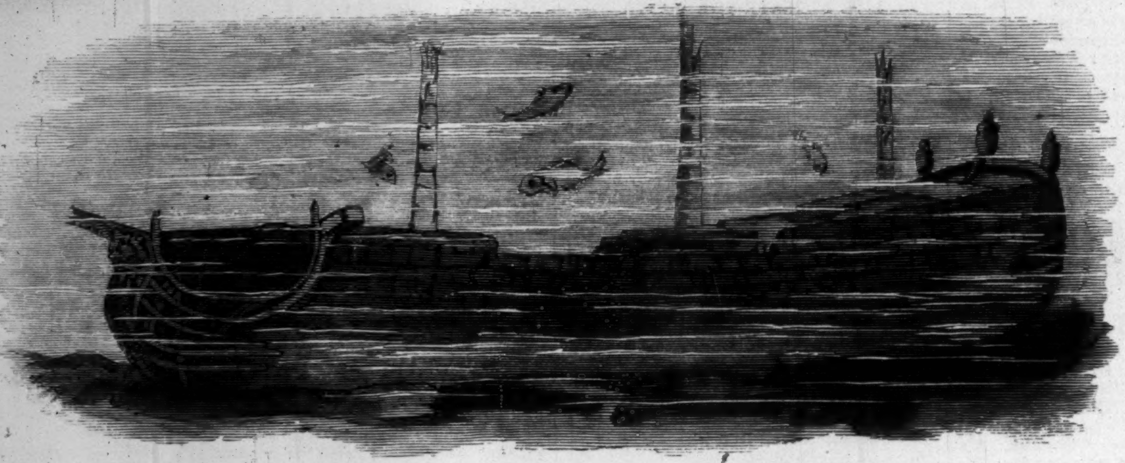
ETHELINDA SEES THE ELEPHANT.

THE most fascinating of her sex, having finished the great work, has taken her hair out of paper, extracted the ink-stains from her dear nose and her sweet fingers with lemon-juice, and recovered some of her usual gayety and lightness of disposition. She preserves, however, a sort of severe grandeur, and alludes to publishers with scorn tempered by pity. She had, so she told me, heard Foozle, and several other splendid young fellows, talk about seeing the elephant, which had excited her curiosity. Being advised by the daily journals that there was an elephant in town, she desired to see him. I therefore accompanied her to the lodgings of the animal, which were in a singularly unsavory condition. The noble and sagacious beast was surrounded by numerous persons who appeared in flashy waistcoats, massive watch-chains, and an array of jewelry that was altogether overpowering. The elephant, for some unexplained reason, was in a bad humor, and being unaware of Ethelinda's high social position, he absolutely turned up his tusks at her when she offered him a bit of sugared chocolate. She spoke to him tenderly (ah! what would young Foozle give to hear those dulcet tones!), and he absolutely winked his great eye at her. She gave him a *meringué à la crême*, with which he was much pleased, and they were getting on very well together when I turned aside—the elephant having declined a *cigarette*—to make some overtures to the tigers. Suddenly I heard a shriek, and rushing to where I had left Ethelinda I found the dear creature in the very jaws of the monster. He had absolutely packed her away in his trunk, and, holding her high above his head, was quietly munching her bonnet, which was trimmed with various vegetable productions agreeable to the elephantine taste. After much persuasion he was induced to relinquish possession of the dear girl's person, but not until he had quite crushed all her hoops, and finished his lunch by eating one of her boots as a salad.

BOHEMIEN.

THE AMERICAN SUBMARINE OPERATIONS AT SEBASTOPOL.—[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

[WE have received the following very interesting letter from one of the gentlemen connected with the American Submarine operations in the harbor of Sebastopol. The writer has kindly promised to act as our correspondent at Sebastopol, and to keep us informed of the progress of the operations.—*Ed. H. W.*]



A RUSSIAN LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIP AS SHE LIES ON THE BOTTOM.

As we have now fairly commenced operations on the sunken fleet, it may be interesting to your readers to have a brief account of the *modus operandi*, or, at least, one of the methods by which this vast fleet will be raised. Perhaps it is, or might be, supposed that the vessels will be raised whole; but owing to the destructive properties of the *teredo* or sea-worm, and the time they have been under water, it is doubtful whether they would hold together during the process of raising; and even if they were brought to the surface of the water apparently entire, they would be of no value as war-ships, and the necessary repairs they would inevitably require would cost as much as to build new vessels; therefore their present value is what the materials are worth.

There are, however, several iron steamers, and some few of wood, which we shall probably raise whole. The others we are obliged to rend asunder under the water. The following vessels have been thus treated: *Sagodiel*, 84 guns; *Paris*, 120 guns; *Twelve Apostles*, 120 guns; *Constantine*, 120 guns; *Koulevich*, 60 guns; *Maria*, 84 guns. The steamer *Vladmier*, 400 horse-power, and the *Chesma*, will probably be raised whole in a few days. As the process of blasting a vessel under water requires considerable care and experience, and may be interesting to many, I will describe it.

In the first place, an experienced diver is sent down to explore the ship and report her position and condition. The diving-boat is then moored directly over the ship, or as near to that position as possible. Connected to the boat, and reaching to the bottom, is a rope-ladder upon which the diver ascends and descends, and connected with his body is a rope reaching to the boat, which serves as a signal and to assist him in rising. Around the diver's head is a helmet of sufficient size to contain a quantity of air, which is kept continually fresh by means of an air-pump in the boat above him, and a gutta percha hose. Sometimes the diver remains below eight or ten hours at once, engaged in the arduous duty of cutting chain-cables of an inch and a half in diameter, which he accomplishes with a hammer and cold chisel, cutting heavy oak timbers, forcing out large bolts, and various other difficult matters which would seem almost impossible for a man to perform under such circumstances; yet this is an everyday occurrence with our divers. Every thing movable is then secured by the diver, such as guns, chains, anchors, etc., and hoisted on board the receiving-ship above, as represented in the engraving. Every thing is now ready for placing the powder in the ship. A large powder-boat is placed at a safe distance from the vessel, containing from ten to twenty gutta percha bags of powder; the bags being made for the purpose, are of course impervious to water, and at the mouth is a pine plug through which pass two parts of insulated copper wire reaching to the centre of the bag; the ends of the wires are connected with a small piece of platina not larger than a fine cambric needle. The diver takes one bag below and places it in the part of the vessel to be first blown; he then ascends and gets into the powder-boat containing about ten men and the galvanic battery.

THE DIVER AT THE BOTTOM.

After the wires are taut the boat is made stationary until the battery is charged, when the wires are placed in contact, and immediately there is a great bursting forth of waters filled with fragments of wood, and large quantities of dead fishes, accompanied by a tremendous noise like thunder; and it generally requires three or four hours for the water to be sufficiently clear to enable the diver to proceed with his work. Any fragments of value are then raised on board the receiving-ship; many of them contain large amounts of copper. This operation is continued until the vessel is demolished.

Our blasting has thus far been successful; and if the high northerly winds which prevail here during the winter months do not retard our proceedings, by the close of next summer we shall be able to report considerable progress.

By order of the Governor a red flag is hoisted for one hour previous to an explosion, and during that time no boats are allowed to pass in the vicinity. This order seems rather strange; for, after enduring one of the most sanguinary bombardments on record, they are afraid of powder fourteen fathoms under water. However, no one is inconvenienced by it; and it is quite amusing to observe how instinctively the gulls hover around the boat as soon as the flag is raised, ready to make a sumptuous repast on the dead fishes.

The harbor of Sebastopol is throughout very deep and clear, so that a line-of-battle ship may float in perfect security within twenty yards of the shore. There is no ebb and flow, and consequently no current, which is very favorable for our proceedings—with this exception, however, that if there was a rise and fall of the water it would afford a better opportunity for lifting a ship; for after once raised she could be taken into shoaler water, and broken at much less expense than blasting under water. Some of the ships lie on hard ground, while others are partially imbedded in soft, black mud, which renders them difficult of access. The engravings represent the appearance of a ship after blasting, with divers at work; the helmet and dress of a diver; and other views.

The following accident occurred here a few days ago: While some men were employed in removing an embankment thrown up near a ruined fort, a quantity of unexploded shells were discovered, and owing to carelessness, or some other cause, while removing, they burst, instantly killing six men, and wounding many others; and there are now in the ruined forts large numbers of these shells; so that no one dares approach them.

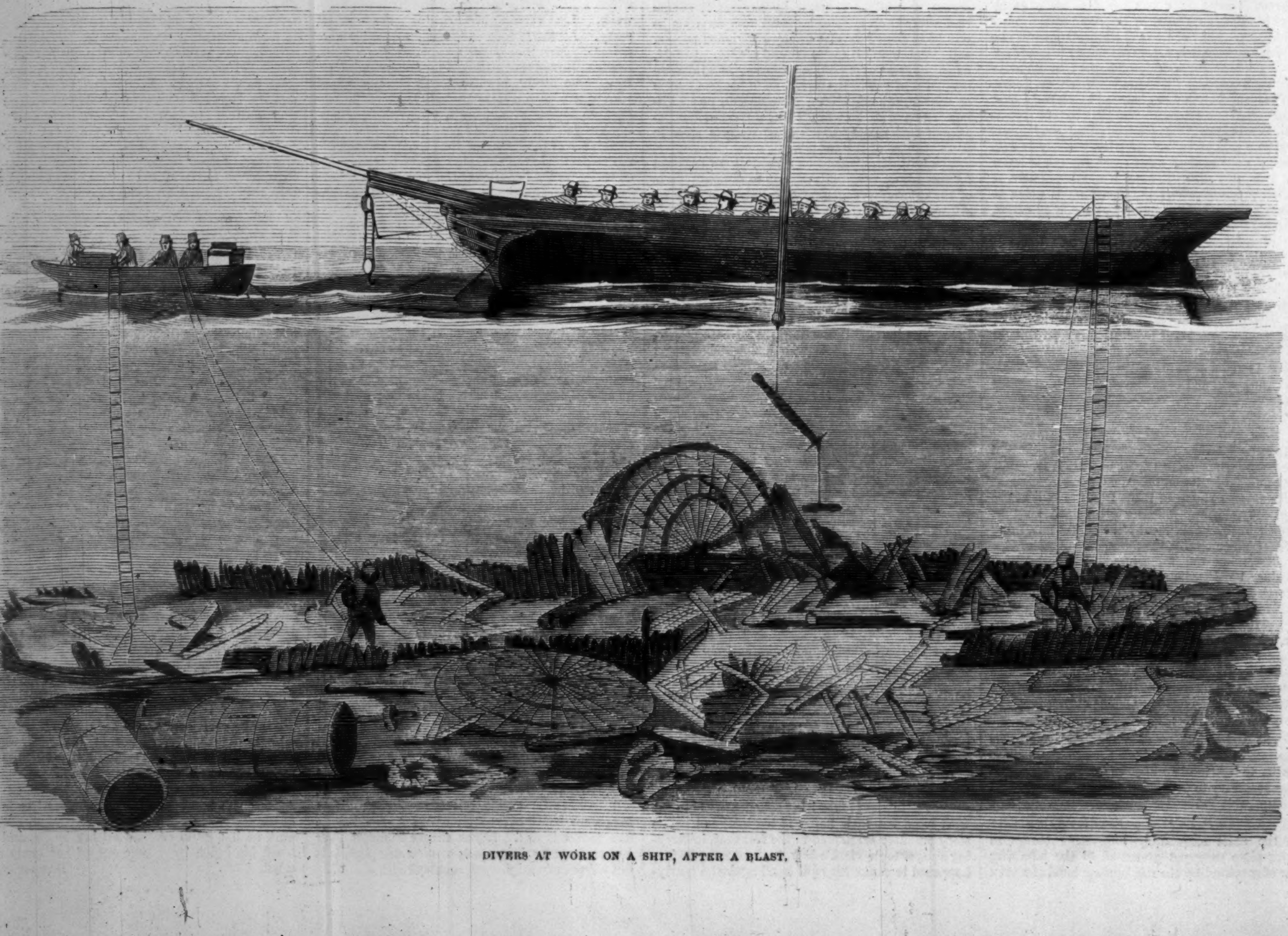
In my next letter I shall give a more detailed account of our doings, accompanied with illustrations, which undoubtedly will be both instructive and amusing.

H.

CRANES.

I AM dreary and gray,
And my thoughts fly away,
Like a long flight of cranes,
In a dark autumn day!

They may go till they find
The warm sunshine and wind,
But the autumn remains,
And my darkness of mind!



DIVERS AT WORK ON A SHIP, AFTER A BLAST.

HOW THE MAMMAS TOOK PART IN THE BATTLE.

HOW MY MAIDEN NEIGHBORS LEARNED MY SECRETS.

MY BOARDING-HOUSE.

When Mrs. Jacques and I returned from Staten Island, where we spent a very tolerable summer, we said to each other, "Let us try a boarding-house for the winter." I ought to tell you that we have spent two winters at hotels—the first at the Cosmopolitan, whose proprietors half ruined me by selling me coal, copper, iron, and lead stocks, which were to make my fortune, and proved so much waste paper; the second at the St. Dunstan, where our lives were a burden, in consequence of the bad feeling, bad attendance, bad company, and general discomfort. So we resolved to try a quiet, peaceable boarding-house, and advertised in the New York *Times* for the comforts of a home.

"Jacques," said my wife, after examining twenty-five or so of the one hundred and sixty-three offers we received, "I have found a house; two rooms, fire, gas, and attendance, twenty dollars a week; good situation, civil landlady, no other boarders except an old gentleman who'll die before January, three young ladies training to be ministers' wives, a couple of very nice families, and two young men in the pawnbroking business, and of a serious turn of mind."

As Mrs. J. attends to that branch of our affairs I said no more, but followed my wife to our new domicile. It promised well. The rooms were comfortable, neatly furnished, and with a fair prospect from the windows; the boarders, when assembled at dinner, seemed quiet, agreeable people. I was asked to nurse a young gentleman, it is true, who took a peculiar satisfaction in drawing pictures on my shirt front with a finger dipped in jam; but then, youth is frivolous, we all know, and washing is within my means. The mother was truly grateful, and I was content. When we went to bed Mrs. Jacques mentioned to me that the two families (whose heads were clerks in the same furniture establishment) were not on very pleasant terms. Mrs. Rosewood had confided to her that her friend Mrs. Ebony, though a dear creature, had the most ungovernable little wretches for children; and Mrs. Ebony had taken occasion to whisper that if little Claude Rosewood were her child

THE ANGEL CHILD AS HE APPEARED

TO HIS MAMMA. TO EVERY BODY ELSE.

PORTRAITS OF MY LANDLADIES.

she would send him to boarding-school at once, though he was only three years of age. My wife (we have no children) observed that it was singular how each lady concurred in denominating her own children angels, and her friend's—well, the reverse. I remarked that that was no business of ours, and went to sleep.

Next day, when I came home, there was a fine row in the house. It seems that Claude Rosewood and Jack Ebony had had a fight; their cries had brought their mothers to the scene of action, and each parent had sided with her offspring, and lent the aid of her nails to the combat. Victory was left in suspense; but my wife declared that, when she arrived upon the field of battle, the two mothers were both contriving signals of contempt for the enemy with their open fingers on the end of the noses of their respective boys.

Next morning I was called upon by Mrs. Ebony to sign a request to Mrs. Rosewood to leave the house, or at least to send her boy away. I declined, and the lady intimated that my wife was no better than Mrs. R.; indeed, if any thing, that hated personage was the better bred of the two. I had scarcely recovered from this attack, and was swallowing a hasty breakfast, when Mrs. Rosewood, in presence of all the boarders, asked me if I wasn't greatly incommoded by ill-bred children?

I was trying to say, evasively, that I liked children, when the lady continued; "For I saw a little fellow (meaning Jack Ebony) trying to open your writing-desk with a table-knife."

I smiled incredulously; whereupon Mrs. Rosewood rose from table, with a contemptuous gesture, and intimated that I deserved to be robbed, and if I was, I must remember that she had warned me.

I had enough of this. We left that day, and took rooms in a fine, fashionable boarding-house, in a wide street up town. We had a large sitting-room with an alcove. The rooms adjoining were tenanted by two maiden ladies, who seemed very quiet and respectable. Here, thought we, seeing every thing so suitable, we shall find rest.

My Cousin John called upon me the day after we arrived, and told me all about his sad affair with Miss Blueberry, and how he would go to Cal-

JOVIAL NEIGHBOR. (*Time 2 a.m.*)—"COULD YOU O-O-OBLIGAF'LA'WITHLIGHT?"

WHAT MY WIFE SAW UNDER THE COOK'S BED.

ifornia if the father could not be mollified. He mentioned some other circumstances which I need not repeat. Next day my wife was in conversation with our maiden neighbors; to her amazement, one of them alluded to the affair, and showed a very remarkable knowledge of the facts. John and I were both much chagrined at the publicity which the matter had obtained. We were talking over it in the evening, when we heard a scream outside the door which communicated between our room and our neighbors. We both sprang up. Almost at the same moment my wife ran in, exclaiming,

"There! I knew how it was! They were both listening at the key-hole!"

Well, we tried another house after this. It, too, was a fashionable house; but the room next to ours was tenanted by a very fast young man, who never had matches, or, if he had them, never could light them when he came in at night, and used to knock one out of bed at one and two in the morning to light his candle. I bore this patiently for several nights, as the gentleman was an Irishman and did not know the ways of the country; but one night, when really he was so far gone that he couldn't hold his candle steady enough to light it, I offered to save him the trouble. Will you believe it? The fellow insisted that I had insulted him, and actually sent me a friend—Mr. Patrick M'Blather—next morning to demand satisfaction! I need hardly add that Mrs. Jacques moved us before 10 A.M. that day.

Our next venture was in a private family. The family were very respectable. The husband sold cigars; the wife did nothing but knit; the children were perfect angels, and read newspapers all day long. "Here," said Mrs. J., "we may remain for the winter." So thought I. As it happened, the cigar-dealer and his family were of frugal habits. A dish of cold meat served them—and consequently us—for several days; puddings were rare luxuries; dessert was unknown. I was disposed to grumble; but Mrs. Jacques, remembering what we had gone through, suggested that we might supply the deficiencies by a private store of comestibles in our own room. I deferred to the wisdom of the idea. My wife laid in a *pâté* or two, some *vols-au-vent*, a cold ham, and various odds and ends, with a few bottles of good wine. Thus supplied, we smiled at the short-comings of the dinner down stairs. All went on smoothly for some time, till we began to notice that our provisions were disappearing with unaccountable rapidity. Hams which had barely been touched were bare to the bone; *pâtés* vanished, cakes evaporated, bottles leaked dry. When the fact became too certain to admit of a doubt, I tasked Mrs. Regalia with it, and hinted that it might make her children ill to visit my room too frequently. She melted into tears. So did the children, who visited my room that evening, and assured me—each with a newspaper in his or her hand—that they were wrongfully suspected. There was a sincerity about the little creatures which could not be questioned. I bade my wife seek the thief elsewhere.

She sat brooding till past nine that evening. Suddenly, with a shrill cry, she bounded out of the room, and assailed Mrs. Regalia on the subject of her cook. The landlady confessed that that member of the household reigned supreme in her domain—the kitchen and her bedroom. My wife suggested a gentle course of inquiry. Reluctantly Mrs. Regalia consented. The two ladies repaired to the cook's room and stated the case.

The cook was vociferous and indignant. Had she ever stolen any thing? Who durst accuse her of stealing? Let her see the person—

As she uttered these words she advanced menacingly toward my wife, who, retreating, caught sight—horror of horrors!—of the huge feet of a monstrous male under the cook's bed!

We fled again. Since then I have tried a dozen boarding-houses. I have tried quiet boarding-houses and noisy ones; slow and fast; foreign and native; up town and down town; large and small; and am still, as I was in October last, on the look-out.

If any reader of *Harper's Weekly* knows a quiet house where a peaceable man and his wife can obtain decent board and lodging for a reasonable price during the winter, he will confer a prodigious favor by sending word respecting the same to Jacques, care of the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*.

LITERARY.

THE HASHEESH EATER, or Passages from the Life of a Pythagorean, published by Harper & Brothers, is one of the curiosities of modern literature.

It is possible that some readers hereof do not know what is *hasheesh*. They may have heard of hemp as a drug. In certain countries the hemp plant grows to fibre, and from it is made cordage. In other and more tropical countries the plant secretes a resinous gum, known as hasheesh, which is the ordinary source of intoxication among the Turkish, Persian, and Indian nations.

The effects of the drug are marked and peculiar. Readers of Dumas' "Monte Christo" will remember its introduction by him in one of the passages of that novel, and its effects as there described. Not unlike opium in the play that it gives the imagination, it has also the peculiarity that the delirium it produces is more wild, active, and brilliant, so that De Quincy himself has yet another and an inner heaven of dream delight to enter and enjoy.

The horror with which sensible Mohammedans regard those who use the hasheesh can not be described. We have seen the effects of it in Cairene coffee-shops and kiosks of Damascus, and could pardon the venerable merchant who gravely assured us that it was an invention of Sheitan.

Like many other inventions of the devil it is delicious in its effects, and in none more so than the production of this book by one who has yielded to the temptation, and damned himself for the delirious joy it affords.

The volume contains his experience; a pen-and-ink report of his imaginations, fancies, and facts as well, for there is a deal of fact in the vagaries of a drunken man. Weird and ludicrous scenes intermingle with solemn and stately, and follow each other. The heart of man is visible every where in its nakedness. "In vino veritas" here reads "in *hasheesh* veritas." The man, as he is, shines through the strange hallucinations of the intoxicated dreamer. We have seldom seen a volume of more absorbing interest. While he obviously resembles De Quincy's Opium-Eater, a resemblance which the author is proud to acknowledge, he is, at the same time, no less profound a philosopher, nor any less brilliant thinker or reasoner than his illustrious prototype. His book is at once a pleasure and a study, a curiosity and a subject of profound meditation. No reader can fail to enjoy it.

A somewhat unique book is Mr. Parker's GOLDEN AGE OF AMERICAN ORATORY, published by Whittemore, Niles, & Hall, Boston.

The author is an enthusiast, but his acquaintance with American orators is somewhat deficient. Of the bar he knows only Pinckney, Choate, Legaré, Wirt, Prentiss, and Hoffman—honoring the last four by a single mention of their names in a sentence in which he says, "There have been in our country, perhaps, half a dozen advocates of national repute as orators," while he gives us very readable sketches of the first two. The volume is made up of gossippy and perhaps too indiscriminately laudatory accounts of these gentlemen and seven others; the clergy being represented by Chapin and Beecher. The faults of the book are its lack of judgment and discrimination in selecting names, and even in regard to the merits of the few orators it discusses. Its virtues are that it is spirited and readable, containing an admirable fund of anecdote, and much that shows the author to be a student of the history of the men he writes about.

We can not help remarking on the strange coupling of Beecher and Chapin in a sentence like this: "A sound, healthy theology, *fit to live by as well as to die by*, animates their harangues." We have been heretofore impressed with the idea that neither one of these gentlemen would be content to "die by" the theology of the other.

LITTLE SONGS FOR LITTLE PEOPLE, published by A. D. F. Randolph, is a collection of songs of all sorts and kinds, interspersed with illustrations. Some of the selections are of rare beauty. Such, for example, as "Who stole the bird's nest?" on page 41. There's comfort in the old sailor's song which we find here with other ancient favorites:

"One night came on a hurricane,
The sea was mountains rolling,
When Barney Buntline turned his head
And cried to Billy Bowline:
'There's a sou'wester coming, Billy;
Don't you hear it roar now?
Poor people! how I pity them
Unhappy folks on shore now!'"

The same publisher sends us a number of children's books for the holidays. "LITTLE LUCY'S LITTLE LIBRARY," three volumes in one case, wherein we find her "Six Birthdays," "Six Teachers," and "Little Servants," also "HEART AND HAND," a story by the author of "Timid Lucy," which a young one who has read it through at a sitting pronounces a good book for her sort. Mr. Randolph's most novel contribution to the amusement and instruction of the juveniles this winter is in the card-board line. PAPER DOLLS' FURNITURE, printed in colors on cards, which can be cut out and folded by the little fingers, to their infinite amusement, and a new style of paper dolls' dresses, being NATIONAL COSTUMES, by the aid whereof the doll becomes one moment a Scotch girl, and the next a Circassian beauty, or a Swiss peasant, or any thing else the little magician chooses to make her. These same paper dolls are a feature of the day by which the little ones and some of the older ones are much amused.

The English system of pensioning authors who have "rendered services to literature" is sadly degenerate. Some weeks ago a volume of doggerel poems by S. H. Bradbury appeared, in which was a panegyric on Lord Palmerston. We see that Mr. Bradbury has received from Lord Palmerston a pension of £50 a year!

Major Warburton, author of "Hochelaga," brother of Eliot Warburton, committed suicide a few days since. It is a curious fact in his history, which we have not seen any where published, that he was, some two years ago, engaged to be married to a very amiable and accomplished lady, but, for certain reasons, the marriage was delayed for five years, and finally broken off entirely. The lady was married to another person in the same week that Major Warburton died, but the two events had no connection with each other.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

THE ARREST OF GENERAL WILLIAM WALKER.

IN our last week's paper we announced that General William Walker had returned home under arrest, having been taken prisoner on Punta Arenas, Nicaragua, by Commodore Paulding of the United States Navy. The General remained here one day, then delivered himself up, according to his parole, to Marshal Rynders; with whom and his counsel, Mr. Meagher, he proceeded to Washington. On arrival there he waited upon General Cass to surrender himself as a prisoner of state. The Secretary received his visitors with marked civility, and on their explaining the object of their visit, observed:

"The Executive Department of the Government does not recognize General Walker as a prisoner. It has no directions to give concerning him. It is only through the action of the Judiciary that he can be lawfully held in custody to answer any charges that may be made against him. This," said the Secretary, "is all that I have to say upon the subject."

General Walker was accordingly set at liberty, and has not since been molested. Rumors are afloat that he will proceed to New Orleans to stand his trial there on a charge of breaking the neutrality laws.

Meanwhile, the news of his arrest has created the greatest excitement in every part of the country, and especially in the South. Meetings have been held at New Orleans and Mobile to denounce the conduct of Commodore Paulding, and to offer aid to Walker. Several members of the House of Representatives are reported to have threatened strenuous action against the Commodore and against the Administration; among these Humphrey Marshall of Kentucky has been frequently mentioned. It was understood at first that the President would disavow the action of Commodore Paulding; it is now believed that he will send the papers to Congress this week, with a message regretting that Walker should have been arrested on Nicaraguan soil, but upholding, on general grounds, the course pursued by the commander of the *Saratoga*.

General Walker is at Washington, surrounded by Southern admirers. General Lamar, Minister to Nicaragua, was to sail on 5th. The remnant of Walker's army have arrived at Norfolk. Captain Engle, who came home with Walker, will leave for Aspinwall on 20th.

COMMODORE PAULDING'S LETTER TO WALKER.

The correspondence between Walker and the United States officers, previous to his arrest, has been published. The following is an extract from Commodore Paulding's letter to Walker:

"Your letters surprised me with their tone of audacity and falsification of facts. Your rude discourtesy in speaking of Captain Chatard, of the *Saratoga*, I pass without comment. The mistake he made was, in not driving you from Punta Arenas when you landed there in defiance of his guns. In occupying the Point Arenas, and assuming it to be the head-quarters of the Army of Nicaragua, and you its Commander-in-Chief, you and your associates, being lawless adventurers, deceive no one by their absurdity. Lieutenant Cilly, of the *Saratoga*, informs me that he was in uniform, and you say he was in plain clothes, when you threatened to shoot him. While you use such threats, it may be of some importance for you to know that if any person belonging to my command shall receive injury from your lawless violence, the penalty to you shall be a tribute to humanity. Now, Sir, you and your fellows are here in violation of the laws of the United States, and greatly to its dishonor, making war upon a people with whom we are at peace; and, for the sake of humanity, public and private justice, as well as what is due to the honor and integrity of the Government of the United States, I command you and the people associated here with you, to surrender your arms without delay, and embark in such vessels as I may provide for that purpose."

COMMODORE PAULDING TO THE GOVERNMENT.

The following is an extract from Commodore Paulding's dispatch to the Secretary of the Navy, giving the reasons why he arrested Walker:

"I could not regard General Walker and his followers in any other light than as outlaws who had escaped from the vigilance of the officers of the Government, and left our shores for the purpose of rapine and murder, and I saw no other way to vindicate the law and redeem the honor of our country than by disarming and sending them home. In doing so I am sensible of the responsibility I have incurred, and confidently look to the Government for my justification.

"Regarded in its true light, the case appears to me a clear one, and the points few and strong. Walker came to Point Arenas from the United States, having, in violation of law, set on foot a military organization to make war upon a people with whom we are at peace. He landed there with armed men and munitions of war, in defiance of the guns of a ship-of-war placed there to prevent his landing. With nothing to show that he acted by authority, he formed a camp and hoisted the Nicaraguan flag, called it the 'Head-quarters of the Army in Nicaragua,' and signed himself the Commander-in-Chief. With this pretension, he claimed the right of a lawful government over all persons and things within sight of his flag. Without right or authority he landed fifty men at the mouth of the River Colorado, seized the Fort of Castillo on the San Juan River, captured steamers and the goods of merchants in transit to the interior, killed men, and made prisoners of the peaceful inhabitants—sending to the harbor of San Juan del Norte some thirty or forty men, women, and children in the steamer *Morgan*.

"In doing these things without the show of authority they were guilty of rapine and murder, and must be regarded as outlaws and pirates. They can have no claim to be regarded in any other light. Humanity, as well as law, justice, and national honor, demanded the dispersion of these lawless men."

THE MORMON WAR.

Advices have been received from Colonel Johnson, commanding the Utah expedition, to November 7. He was, on November 5, at Black Fork, three miles below the mouth of Ham's Fork. He states that Colonel Smith, with his command, and the numerous trains guarded by it, reached there November 3. The march was slow and tedious, averaging eleven miles a day. Although the road was excellent and the weather fine, it was not possible to make more rapid progress, on account of the broken-down condition of the draught animals. The trains, including the sutlers' and merchants', destined for Salt Lake, which he would not allow to go on, occupied as close an order as they could be made to travel the space of from five to six miles. No molestation whatever was attempted by the Mormons. On the 6th of November Colonel Johnson was to march on Fort Bridger, and dislodge any force he might find there, and await the appearance of Colonel Cook, when—as the approach of winter was too near to attempt the passage of the Wasach range of mountains with a probability of success—he would seize upon the district mentioned in his letter from the South Pass, and occupy it until an advance should be practicable. He considered that the acts of the Mormon Legislature, and the dispatches from Brigham Young indicated a matured design on the part of the Mormons to hold and occupy the Territory, independent of, and irrespective of, the authority of the United States; and he had ordered that whenever they were met with in arms they should be treated as enemies.

BRIGHAM YOUNG'S VIEWS OF HIS POSITION.

Several dispatches from Brigham Young to Colonel Alexander, United States Army, have been published. We make a few extracts. The Governor says to the Colonel:

"In you we recognize only the agents and instruments of the Administration, and with you personally have no quarrel. But you must be aware that circumstances compel the people of Utah to look upon you, in your present belligerent attitude, as their enemies and the enemies of their common country, and, notwithstanding my most sincere desire to promote amicable relations with you, I shall feel it my duty, as do the people of the Territory universally, to resist to the utmost every attempt to encroach further upon their rights. It, therefore, becomes a matter for your serious consideration, whether it would not be more in accordance with the spirit and institutions of our country to return with your present force rather than force an issue so unpleasant to all, and which must result in much misery and perhaps bloodshed, and, if persisted in, the total destruction of your army. And, furthermore, does it not become a question whether it is more patriotic for officers of the United States army to ward off, by all honorable means, a collision with American citizens, or to further the precipitate move of an indiscreet and rash Administration, in plunging a whole Territory into a horrible, fratricidal, and sanguinary war?"

HE PAYS A FEW COMPLIMENTS TO THE UNITED STATES OFFICIALS.

"If you persist in your attempt to permanently locate an army in this Territory, contrary to the wishes and constitutional rights of the people therein, and with a view to aid the Administration in their unhallowed efforts to palm their corrupt officials upon us, and to protect them, and black-legs, black-hearted scoundrels, whore-masters, and murderers, as was the sole intention in sending you and your troops here, you will have to meet a mode of warfare against which your tactics furnish you no information."

HE THINKS BUCHANAN SHOULD BE HANGED.

"In regard to myself and certain others having placed ourselves 'in a position of rebellion and hostility to the Government of the United States,' I am perfectly aware that we understand our true and most loyal position far better than our enemies can inform us. We, of all the people, are endeavoring to preserve and perpetuate the genius of the Constitution and constitutional laws, while the Administration and the troops they have ordered to Utah are, in fact, themselves the rebels, and in hostility to the General Government. And if George Washington was now living, and at the helm of our government, he would hang the Administration as high as he did André, and that, too, with a far better grace, and to a much greater subserving the best interests of our country."

THE MILITARY TACTICS OF THE MORMONS.

The following is an extract from an intercepted dispatch from the Mormon Commander-in-Chief to one of his officers: "On ascertaining the locality or route of the United States troops, proceed at once to annoy them in every possible way. Use every exertion to stampede their animals and set fire to their trains. Burn the whole country before them and on their flanks. Keep them from sleeping by night-surprises. Blockade the road by felling trees or destroying river fords where you can. Watch for opportunities to set fire to the grass on their windward, so as, if possible, to envelop their trains. Leave no grass before them that can be burned. Keep your men concealed as much as possible, and guard against surprise. Keep scouts out at all times, and communication open with Colonel Benton, Major M'Allister, and O. P. Rockwell, who are operating in the same way. Keep me advised daily of your movements, and every step the troops take and in what direction. God bless you, and give you success.

"Your brother in Christ, DANIEL U. WELLS.

"P.S.—If the troops have not passed, or have turned in this direction, follow in their rear, and continue to annoy them, burning any trains they may leave. Take no life, but destroy their trains, and stampede or drive away their animals at every opportunity."

THE AFRICAN SLAVE-TRADE.

The President is determined if possible to put a stop to the African slave-trade, which is believed to have largely increased of late. Movements are now making to increase the naval force on the African station, and to send more efficient vessels to cruise in those waters. Letters received by the last steamer state that the English Government are moving in the same direction, and will co-operate with our Government in any manner it may suggest to prevent this inhuman traffic. A dispatch to the Government from the South coast of Africa, dated October 19, 1857, says: "The slave-trade is assuming a new aspect. The French Government has gone boldly into it, and the British squadron are ordered not to verify the colors of a French vessel, whether legal trader or not. American ships, on the contrary, are searched, seized, and confiscated, in a manner violative of our doctrine of the right of search." The subject has been laid before the Cabinet.

INDIAN CHIEFS AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

Delegations from the Pawnees, Poncas, and Pottowatomies, numbering about thirty, had a formal interview with the President on 31st ult. at the White House. The auditory were large, including ladies Secretaries Cobb, Floyd, and Thompson. The most interesting feature was the apparent reconciliation between the Chiefs of the Pawnees and Poncas, which tribes have long been hostile to each other. The President, or "Grandfather," as they called him, having personally dwelt upon the blessings of peace, joined their hands in token of friendship. The Pottowatomies were in citizens' dress, while their less civilized colleagues were in their grandest attire, and more than usually profuse of paint and feathers.

KANSAS AFFAIRS.

On 21st ult. the vote on the Lecompton Constitution was polled in Kansas, and that document was affirmed with the slavery clause. The Free State men generally abstained from voting; no votes were received in Lawrence, and the poll-books were not opened at Topeka. Scattering returns have been published, which show that the pro-slavery majority was large. General Denver has arrived, and has issued an inaugural address. The state of feeling seems to be much imbittered by recent events.

PERSONAL.

Commodore Hiram Paulding, who has been so instrumental in arresting the progress of General Walker in Central America, is the son of the celebrated John Paulding, the Peekskill farmer, who was one of the three captors of Major André. Hiram was born in Westchester County, and early in life entered the navy, where he has gradually worked his way up through the grades of midshipman, lieutenant, commander, and captain. He has ever been one of the most efficient and valued officers in the service; and Government, a short time since, showed its appreciation of the fact by appointing him to the command of the home squadron, which he now holds.

Mademoiselle Rachel is said to be recovering. She has resolved, however, to abandon the stage forever, and intends to send her theatrical wardrobe and jewelry to the United States to be sold. The value of the same is stated at $125,000.

A Washington correspondent says: "The other day Mr. Buchanan was applied to by a young politician in behalf of a friend, hailing from Virginia, who wished a petty consulship any where in the South Seas, or among the Sepoys, or among the breechless barbarians of Yanader, or the Lord knows where. Mr. Buchanan was good enough to promise the young Virginian a place. 'Yes,' he said, in his charming, amiable humor, 'I must do something for the Old Commonwealth. Poor Virginia! she has nothing.' This allusion to the destitution of the Old Dominion, in the way of place and patronage, excited a very significant titter in the room."

It is said that Mr. Hughes, formerly editor of the Richmond *Examiner*, and an adopted son-in-law of the Secretary of War, has been brought into the *Union* establishment as an associate editor. The articles in review of Mr. Douglas's position on the Kansas question are said to have been from his pen.

Miss Leslie, the well-known authoress, died on New-Year's Day, at Gloucester, from the effects of injuries received last summer.

Lieutenant General Scott arrived at Washington on 2d, and shortly afterward paid his respects to the President. He will remain several days, arranging matters in reference to the campaign against the Mormons the ensuing spring.

Mr. Anthony Barclay, late British Consul at this port, has received the retiring pension of £500 per annum to which he was entitled for his consular services, but he has not retired from the service of his Government. He returns to this country with the functions and salary of Post-office agent, formerly held by Captain Granby Calcraft.

A lady in Rahway, New Jersey, has recently succeeded, after several fruitless attempts, in establishing her title to a large amount of real estate, in Dayton, Ohio. It is said to cover all the central part of that town, and it is rumored that the amount is about $2,000,000.

The committee of the contributors to the testimonial to the late Secretary Marcy have informed Mrs. Marcy that the splendid service of plate prepared to be presented to her husband, and now at the manufacturers, Tiffany, Young, & Co., is at her disposal. Mrs. Marcy, in a brief letter returns her thanks, and the plate will pass into the family as an heir-loom.

The Charleston *News* says: "The venerable widow of the immortal John C. Calhoun visited the tomb of her husband on Sunday, December 20, at St. Philip's Church, after the congregation had dispersed, accompanied by one of the elder members of the church and vestry and two ladies. The visit was affecting—the widow never having been in the city since the demise of her illustrious husband—and her simple and unaffected exclamation of 'And is this the tomb of my husband!' brought tears to the eyes of those who accompanied her, while her own were streaming with recollections of the past, and a cheerful hope of a happy meeting in 'the better land.' From the grave-yard the widow then visited the statue, at the City Hall; and, after contemplating it in all its bearings, in melancholy silence, pronounced it a very good likeness."

The Rusk (Texas) *Enquirer* of the 5th inst., learns from a gentleman recently from Henderson, that General J. P. Henderson, United States Senator, is now in Rusk County, in a very precarious state of health. He is so feeble as to be unable to appear on the street.

Among the notable persons in attendance at the Opera, in this city last week, were Senator Douglas and Mrs. Douglas. They were accompanied by Mr. Bancroft, the historian.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

COMMERCIAL AFFAIRS.

WE have advices from England to 19th ult. The English money market is gradually getting easier, particularly among the discount houses. The applications at the Bank were light. Financial difficulties had arisen among the woolen manufacturers. Messrs. Cheesebrough and Sons, one of the largest firms in that line in Yorkshire, had suspended, and many others were expected to be involved. Consols for account closed at 92⅛ @ 92¼. American stocks were generally dull, and prices without much change. The Manchester market was dull, and prices of goods had considerably declined. In the Liverpool cotton market prices had declined a half-penny per pound, particularly for the new crop. The market closed with a rather better demand. Sales of the week 28,000 bales. Messrs. Richardson, Spence, and Co. report flour quiet, but steady.

FOURTH FAILURE TO LAUNCH THE LEVIATHAN.

Operations were resumed upon the Leviathan on the 16th, but with the most tremendous pressure the vessel was only moved about three feet, when the work was suspended *sine die;* no less than three hydraulic rams, one powerful arab or windlass, and the double chains which drag the vessel toward the river, having been all burst and broken.

AN INCIDENT OF THE PANIC IN SCOTLAND.

One gentleman, during the heat of the excitement in Glasgow, went into a bank and presented a check for £500. The teller asked him if he wished gold. "Gold?" replied he; "No; give me notes, and let the fools who are frightened get the gold." Another gentleman rushed into the same bank, in a great state of excitement, with a check for £1400. On being asked if he wished gold, he replied, "Yes." "Well," said the teller, "there is £1000 in that bag, and £400 in this one." The gentleman was so flurried by the readiness with which his demand was granted, that he lifted up the bag with the £400 only and walked off, leaving the £1000 on the counter. The teller on discovering the bag laid it aside for the time. Later in the day, the gentleman returned to the bank in great distress, stating that he had lost the bag with the £1000, and could not tell whether he had dropped it in the crowd or left it behind him on leaving the bank. "Oh, you left it on the counter," said the teller, quietly; "call to-morrow, and you will get your £1000."

HOW A JEW CAN CUT OFF HIS SON.

A correspondent says:

"The son of a wealthy Jew banker in London became much attached to a young Christian, with whom his father opposed his union. When the son found that the father could not be induced to give his consent to the match, he concluded to marry without it. The father then threatened to withhold every shilling from him, whereupon the son replied that if the father did not intend to give him any thing he would become a Christian, and according to the law he would be entitled to one-half of his father's fortune. The father, much alarmed, flew to his lawyer, to inquire whether such a law really was in existence. The lawyer's answer was in the affirmative, but adding that, if he would hand him over ten guineas, he would give him a plan by which he could frustrate his son's plans. The ten guineas were quickly produced. 'Now,' said the lawyer, quietly pocketing the money, 'all that remains for you to do, is to become a Christian also, and the law will not oblige you to leave your son a cent of your money.' The Jew hurriedly seized his hat, and left the lawyer without any further remark."

FRANCE.

HOW DEMONSTRATIONS OF UNEMPLOYED ARE PREVENTED IN PARIS.

A Paris letter-writer says: "A manufacturer of the Faubourg St. Denis, of this city, employs ordinarily four hundred workmen. Since the commencement of the crisis he has been gaining but four per cent. on his merchandise, and being obliged to borrow money, he found that at the bank rate of nine per cent. he would soon be ruined. The two alternatives were imperative, either to discharge his workmen or be ruined. He decided on the former. But the secret police, who are every where, heard of his intentions and reported the fact at head-quarters. The next day he was waited upon by an officer of police, *incognito*, who demanded if he was going to discharge his men. The manufacturer replied in the affirmative, and gave his reasons. The officer expostulated, and finally told the manufacturer that he came on the part of the authorities for the purpose, if possible, of dissuading him from his design. The manufacturer, whose line of policy was a clear one, grew furious, and more than ever declared his determination to shut up his establishment. The next day he was visited by the Prefect of Police himself, who first attempted to persuade him, and when he found that this failed said to the manufacturer: 'Very well, go on, keep your men at work, and the Government will see that you lose nothing. A committee will wait on you to see what is your position, and what are your losses.' And thus four hundred dangerous men are kept out of the street by a small indemnity from the public treasury, which can not be said, in truth, to be a dear method of buying public tranquillity. It is probable that this means has been adopted by the Government in many cases."

NEW FINANCIAL SCHEMES.

There are rumors of grand financial schemes as being in contemplation among the princes of finance. It is said that M. Pereire is negotiating a fusion of the Credit Mobilier, the Credit Foncier, the Comptoir d'Escompte, and an important though less known establishment than the three foregoing—the Caissé St. Paul. MM. Rothschild, Bartholony, and others—who are called the syndics of the bankers—have on foot a rival scheme, according to which the Comptoir d'Escompte would be reorganized and started afresh, with the enormous capital of two hundred millions of francs.

REBUILDING OF PARIS.

The Préfet of the Seine has made his annual report upon the condition of the city of Paris, confided to his care for 1857, in which the details of its reconstruction occupy the most important place. Since 1852, and up to the present date, 2971 structures have been wholly or partially pulled down—viz., 2524 up to the end of 1856, and 417 during the present year; of these 1768 were demolished by the municipality for the improvement of the city, and 1208 by the landlords of their own free-will. The number of new buildings finished and inhabited was 5238 from 1852 to 1856, and 1345 in 1857, giving a total of 6583: of these 3743 were entirely new constructions, and 2840 structures partially rebuilt or raised. So much for Paris proper. In the suburbs of St. Denis and Sceau—in the former 1500 houses were pulled down, and 11,206 built up; in the latter 968 houses were demolished, and 6185 constructed from 1852 to the present year. These different figures give a total of 5439 houses wholly or partially pulled down, and of 23,974 houses wholly or partially rebuilt in the last seven years.

A FRENCH LADY'S PIN-MONEY.

Madame Charles Laffitte, wife of the banker, from whom she has been judicially separated since April, 1847, subscribed on the 5th of January, 1853, an authorization to Baron de Salignac Fenelon, captain in the Lancers of the Imperial Guard, to receive out of arrears of an annual allowance which her husband made her, 26,000 francs, in payment of money lent. M. Laffitte having declined to pay the money, Baron de Salignac Fenelon, in January last, brought an action against him for the amount before the civil tribunal, but the court decided that the action must be dismissed, inasmuch as Madame Laffitte had not been authorized by her husband to sign the obligation, though in such matters the Code Napoleon declares the husband's authorization to the wife to be necessary, even when she is separated from him. On the 28th of November, Baron de Salignac Fenelon appealed to the Imperial Court against this decision. His advocate represented that the 26,000 francs had been advanced to Madame Laffitte at a time when the allowance which her husband was bound to make her had fallen into arrear—an allowance originally fixed at 36,000 francs a year, but owing to M. Laffitte's embarrassments after the revolution of 1848, reduced to 9000 francs, then when his position improved increased to 12,000, and afterward to 18,000 francs, and when consequently she was obliged to have recourse to the purses of her friends to purchase furniture, pay debts, and prevent seizures; and he contended that under these circumstances the authorization to receive the 26,000 francs out of the arrears was one of those acts which the Code Napoleon allows a wife to perform without obtaining the permission of her husband. On behalf of M. Laffitte, it was stated that, in the eight years after the separation, his wife had received from him not less than 518,000 francs, which she had spent in her toilet, and in the purchase of all kinds of frivolous things. At length he was obliged to obtain the nomination of what is called a "judicial council," to control her expenditure; before he did so, she represented that she owed 120,000 francs, and after the nomination was made she pretended that she owed 199,000 francs. M. Laffitte, in addition to her allowance of 18,000 francs, had set apart 100,000 for the payment of her debts, and it turned out that there were claimants to the amount of 45,000 francs, for money lent, who had not received M. Laffitte's authorization; that there was a sum of 14,000 set down as due to a lady's maid; and that one person who was named as having lent 8000 francs, had expressed surprise at being made to figure as a creditor of the lady. In fact, said the learned counsel, the whole thing appeared to be got up to pay a gambling debt on the Bourse. With regard to the case of Baron de Salignac Fenelon, the learned counsel contended that there was no doubt, in a legal point of view, that the authorization given by Madame Laffitte was not regular, and that consequently the appeal must be dismissed. The Court being of the same opinion confirmed the previous judgment.

NOVEL REVENGE FOR NON-PAYMENT OF A DEBT.

An architect, named Vernaux, and his wife and child, who took up his residence at Besons, a village near Paris, in the summer, there made the acquaintance of M. and Madame Bertaux, the latter of whom is a sculptor. Madame Bertaux proposed to execute a group in plaster, representing Madame Vernaux and her child, and the offer was accepted. When the group was sent home, M. Vernaux, thinking it a present, offered Madame Bertaux an article of jewelry in return; but she made a claim for a sum of money. He refused to pay, and sent her a summons to remove the group. One day, on passing down the Boulevard des Capucines, he, to his astonishment, saw the group exposed in a shop-window, but his wife was represented with a chain round her neck, fastened to a post like a convict, and inscribed on the group were the words, "Mother, where are we?" "In prison for debt, my child." M. Vernaux immediately caused a huissier and a commissary of police to draw up a *procès-verbal* of the exhibition, and the next day he applied to the President of the Civil Tribunal sitting in chambers to order the group to be seized, at the same time intimating that he reserved to himself the right of prosecuting the exhibitors for defamation. The President, declaring that the exhibition of the group was altogether unbecoming, ordered it to be seized.

RUSSIA.

THE ATTEMPT TO RAISE THE SUNKEN SHIPS AT SEBASTOPOL ABANDONED.

The Berlin correspondent of the London *Times* says: "The American brig *Silver Keys*, having on board the engineers and machinery that were to have been employed in the raising of the vessels sunk at Sebastopol, have returned to Constantinople. The said vessels are reported by the divers to be so thoroughly buried in mud and earth that any raising them is out of the question; the difficulties and expense of doing so being estimated to exceed the probable proceeds of salvage. The vessels will therefore now be blown to pieces at the bottom, and taken up piecemeal."

ITALY.

A ROMAN SCHUYLER.

The arrest of the Marquis Campana, Director of the Mont de Pieté at Rome, on a charge of making away with the funds intrusted to his care, has been the subject of much conversation in that city. The Marquis, who is married to an English lady, was well known for his profuse expenditure, also as an archæologist, and for his scientific and artistic tastes. A letter from Rome estimates the deficit at nearly 4,000,000 francs. The general opinion is not favorable to the Marquis, who does not seem to have enjoyed a high reputation previously to his imprisonment on the present charge. He finds, however, some defenders. A letter from Rome endeavors to cast doubts on the justice of his imprisonment, and even to give a sort of political coloring to the affair, saying that the Pope and Cardinal Antonelli have never pardoned him for having continued to serve under the Provisional Government and the Republic. The letter gives some details of the princely style in which the Marquis lived. He possesses, in the street of the Corso, an elegant palace, where he has got together a gallery of the most magnificent pictures, and in his villa near the Lateran he established a museum, inferior perhaps only to that of the Vatican, so rich is it in statues, bas-reliefs, inscriptions, Etruscan vases, and other most precious things. He has, moreover, a rare collection of stones, minerals, coins, etc. He own lands, palaces, and country houses in great number, both in Rome and abroad. He has established, at immense expense, a manufactory of marbles, or rather of a substance similar to marble, with which are made statues, columns, cups, and pavement of all kinds. In this manufactory nearly 300 workmen were employed. Finally, he maintained at his expense a house of education for poor children.

MEXICO.

COUP D'ETAT OF PRESIDENT COMONFORT.

Advices from Mexico are important. On Thursday morning, the 17th of December, the new Constitution was overturned, the Federal Councils were broken up and dispersed, and Comonfort was declared absolute Dictator. The event was sudden and unexpected, and the movements attending it, which seem to have been planned by Comonfort himself, were cool and daring in the extreme. Indeed, so unexpected was the whole affair, and with so much celerity were all the plans carried into execution, that the opposition seem to have been completely paralyzed, and made no efforts whatever to stop the course of events. The movement extended to the principal cities, including Vera Cruz and Puebla, and was equally successful every where. The new order of things, at last accounts, two days after the revolution, seems to have been every where favorably received, and was hailed by the people with demonstrations of satisfaction.

ROBBERY OF THE BRITISH MINISTER.

The night previous to the *coup d'état* as Mr. Lettsom, H. B. M. Chargé in Mexico, was passing from the city to his house in Tacubaya on horseback, he was attacked by a band of robbers, and came near losing his life by a pistol-shot. The ball providentially missed him, but so near was the gun to his face that several grains of powder were blown into his eyes, and quite a number lodged into the skin of his face. Mr. Lettsom was blinded by this discharge, but, retaining his self-possession, he threw his pistol over his shoulder into the ditch, in order to prevent it from being used against him by his assailants. The robbers took from him his horse and watch, and also the horse from his servant. The number of the robbers was not exactly known, but Mr. Lettsom believed there were about a dozen.

CHINA.

MYSTERIES OF A CHINESE LADY'S TOILET—SMALL FEET.

The special correspondent of the London *Times* in a letter upon the manners and customs of the Chinese, gives an account of the mode in which the feet of Chinese ladies are rendered so wonderfully diminutive. One girl, especially, who fell under his notice, is thus described, while undergoing the second stage of the operation—a torture under which sickly children frequently die:

"The sole of the foot was now curved into the shape of a bow; the great toe and the heel being brought together as near as possible. Take a jujube and double it till two points of the lozenge nearly meet, and you will see what I mean. This is done very gradually. The bandage is never slackened—month by month it is drawn tighter—the foot inflames and swells, but the tender mamma perseveres; as the bones and tendons accommodate themselves to the position constrained by the bandage, so it is drawn tighter. At last the ball of the natural foot fits into the hollow of the sole, the root of the great toe is brought into contact with the heel. The foot is a shapeless lump. The instep is where the ankle was, and all that is left to go into the slipper and to tread the ground is the ball of the great toe and the heel. This is the small foot of the Chinese woman—a bit of toe and a bit of heel, with a mark, like a cicatrice left after a huge cut, running up between them. Two of the girls were yet suffering great pain, and their feet were hot and inflamed, but in the eldest the operation was complete. She had attained to the position of a small-footed woman, and her feet were quite cool, had no corns, and were not tender to the touch. One of the mammas, influenced perhaps by a little liberality in the article of rice money, intrusted me with a Chinese *mystère de toilette.* Sometimes, it seems, when a woman is expected to have to do hard work, her toe and heel are not drawn so tightly together as to produce the true 'small foot.' To disguise this imperfection upon her marriage-day, she has recourse to art. A piece of cork, shaped like an inverted sugar-loaf, is strapped on to her foot, and the small part goes into her slipper and passes for her foot. Thus are we poor men deceived."

JAPAN.

A NEW TREATY WITH THE UNITED STATES.

The Consul-General of the United States to Japan—Hon. Townsend Harris—has succeeded in negotiating a convention with the Japanese. Article 1 opens the port of Nangasaki to American vessels. Article 2 permits Americans to reside at Simoda and Hakodade, and have a consulate at the latter place after the 4th of July next. Article 3 provides that in settlement of accounts the value of American money shall be determined by weight. Article 4 secures to American residents in Japan the right of being only tried or punished according to American laws. The remaining articles—five in number—relate to commercial matters of minor interest and importance.

INDIA.

THE BATTLE OF LUCKNOW.

The following is Sir H. Havelock's official account of the battle of Lucknow:

"The troops had been marching three days, under a perfect deluge of rain, irregularly fed, and badly housed in villages; it was thought necessary to pitch tents, and permit them to halt on the 24th. The assault on the city was deferred until the 25th. On that morning our baggage and tents were deposited in the Alum Bagh, under an escort, and we advanced. The 1st Brigade, under Sir J. Outram's personal leading, drove the enemy from a succession of gardens and walled inclosures, supported by the two brigades which I accompanied. Both brigades were established on the canal, at the bridge of the Char Bagh. From this point the direct road to the Residency is a little less than two miles; but it was known to have been cut by trenches, and crossed by palisades at short intervals—the houses also being all loopholed. Progress in this direction was opposed; so the united column pushed and deployed along the narrow road which skirts the left bank of the canal. Its advance was not seriously interrupted until it came opposite the King's Palace, or Kissurah Bagh, where two guns and a body of mercenary troops were intrenched. From this intrenchment a fire of grape and musketry was poured under which nothing could live. The artillery and troops had to pass a bridge partially under its influence, but were then shrouded by the buildings adjacent to the palace of Fhureed Buksh.

"Darkness was coming, and it was proposed to halt within the court of this Mehal for the night; but I esteemed it to be of such importance not to leave this beleaguered garrison, knowing that succor was at hand, that I ordered the main body of the 78th Highlanders and the regiment of Ferozepore to advance.

"This column rushed on with a desperate onset, being led by Sir J. Outram and myself, Lieutenants Hudson and Havelock, of my staff; and overcoming every obstacle, established itself within the inclosure of the Residency.

"The feelings of the garrison may be more easily conceived than described; but it was not until the next evening that the whole of my troop, guns, tumbrils, and sick and wounded—continually exposed to the attack of the enemy—could be brought, step by step, within this inclosure and the adjacent palace of Fhureed Buksh.

"*To form a notion of the obstacles overcome, a reference must be made to the events that are known to have occurred at Buenos Ayres and Saragossa.* Our advance was through streets of flat-roofed and loopholed houses, each forming a separate fortress. I am filled with surprise at the success of operations which demanded the efforts of ten thousand good troops. The advantage has cost us dearly."

HOW LUCKNOW WAS RELIEVED.

A letter from Calcutta gives the following account of the relief of Lucknow, as described by a lady, one of the rescued party: "On every side death stared us in the face; no human skill could avert it any longer. We saw the moment approach when we must bid farewell to earth, yet without feeling that unutterable horror which must have been experienced by the unhappy victims at Cawnpore. We were resolved rather to die than to yield, and were fully persuaded that in twenty-four hours all would be over. The engineers had said so, and all knew the worst. We women strove to encourage each other, and to perform the light duties which had been assigned to us—such as conveying orders to the batteries and supplying the men with provisions, especially cups of coffee, which we prepared day and night. I had gone out to try and make myself useful, in company with Jessie Brown, the wife of a corporal in my husband's regiment. Poor Jessie had been in a state of restless excitement all through the siege, and had fallen away visibly within the last few days. A constant fever consumed her, and her mind wandered occasionally, especially that day, when the recollections of home seemed powerfully present to her. At last, overcome with fatigue, she lay down on the ground wrapped up in her plaid. I sat beside her, promising to awaken her when, as she said, 'her father should return from the plowing.' She fell at length into a profound slumber, motionless, and apparently breathless, her head resting in my lap. I myself could no longer resist the inclination to sleep, in spite of the continual roar of the cannon.

THE SLOGAN O' THE HIGHLANDERS.

"Suddenly I was aroused by a wild unearthly scream close to my ear; my companion stood upright beside me, her arms raised, and her head bent forward in the attitude of listening. A look of intense delight broke over her countenance, she grasped my hand, drew me toward her, and exclaimed, 'Dinna ye hear it? dinna ye hear it? Ay, I'm no dreamin', it's the slogan o' the Highlanders! We're saved, we're saved!' Then flinging herself on her knees, she thanked God with passionate fervor. I felt utterly bewildered; my English ears heard only the roar of artillery, and I thought my poor Jessie was still raving, but she darted to the batteries, and I heard her cry incessantly to the men, 'Courage! courage! hark to the slogan—to the Macgregor, the grandest o' them a'! Here's help at last!' To describe the effect of these words upon the soldiers would be impossible. For a moment they ceased firing, and every soul listened in intense anxiety. Gradually, however, there arose a murmur of bitter disappointment, and the wailing of the women who had flocked to the spot burst out anew as the Colonel shook his head. Our dull Lowland ears heard nothing but the rattle of the musketry. A few moments more of this death-like suspense, of this agonizing hope, and Jessie, who had sunk on the ground, sprang to her feet and cried, in a voice so clear and piercing that it was heard along the whole line: 'Will ye no believe it noo? The slogan has ceased indeed, but the Campbells are comin'! D'ye hear, d'ye hear!'

SAVED!

"At that moment we seemed indeed to hear the voice of God in the distance, when the pibroch of the Highlanders brought us tidings of deliverance, for now there was no longer any doubt of the fact. That shrill, penetrating, ceaseless sound, which rose above all other sounds, could come neither from the advance of the enemy, nor from the work of the Sappers. No, it was indeed the blast of the Scottish bagpipes, now shrill and harsh, as threatening vengeance on the foe, then in softer tones seeming to promise succor to their friends in need. Never surely was there such a scene as that which followed. Not a heart in the Residency of Lucknow but bowed itself before God. All, by one simultaneous impulse, fell upon their knees, and nothing was heard but bursting sobs and the murmured voice of prayer. Then all arose, and there rang out from a thousand lips a great shout of joy which resounded far and wide, and lent new vigor to that blessed pibroch. To our cheer of 'God save the Queen!' they replied by the well-known strain that moves every Scot to tears, 'Should auld acquaintance be forgot,' etc. After that nothing else made any impression on me. I scarcely remember what followed. Jessie was presented to the General on his entrance into the fort, and at the officers' banquet her health was drunk by all present, while the pipers marched round the table playing once more the familiar air of 'Auld langsyne.'"

SIR COLIN CAMPBELL'S PLAN OF ATTACK.

It is understood that Sir Colin will, when all is ready, cross the Goomtee, advance on the bank opposite the town, and from that vantage ground shell the enemy out. He will then recross, and perhaps enter the Residency without the loss of a man. Lucknow, once secured and fortified, will become his head-quarters, whence, inch by inch, he may reconquer Oude. The plan is strikingly able, but its success depends partially upon two contingencies. The first is the time for which the garrison can hold out. That appears to be settled; but an accident, the explosion of a mine, or the loss of any of the powder in store, may upset all calculations. Secondly, can Sir Colin silence with the guns at his disposal the batteries the rebels will erect on their own side of the river? The Sepoys work their artillery well, and possess quantities inexplicable to men who forget there are four hundred fortresses in Oude, not one of which has been dismantled since the annexation. If we may judge at all from previous experience, the plan of the rebels will be to fire as long as they can, then evacuate the city, permit the relieving force to enter the Residency, and close in upon them again. No man, however, can venture to predict the movements of Asiatics. A panic would dissolve that great army in an hour.

HOW THE LITTLE GHOORKAS FIGHT.

Several engagements are reported during the week ending November 9. The greatest occurred in Juanpore. Colonel Wroughton, who was moving toward the eastern frontier of Oude with some 1500 Ghoorkas and two guns, was met by some 5000 of the enemy with seven guns. The mutineers deployed with beautiful accuracy, displaying at last a solid line nearly two miles long. They did not, however, charge, but opened a heavy fire upon the Ghoorkas. The little men—they are not above five feet—disapproved the proceeding, and, with their usual pluck, flung themselves forward on enemies three times their own number. The curved knives made quick work. Ten minutes after their charge the enemy had disappeared, leaving four guns and 700 bodies on the field. These Ghoorkas are the men for whom Sir Charles Napier had so strong and, as it has proved, so well-grounded an admiration. Both they and the Sikhs despise the Sepoys, and close in with them at once, without an attempt at tactics.

SIR COLIN CAMPBELL'S ESCAPE.

Sir Colin Campbell was very nearly made prisoner on his way up to Cawnpore. He and his staff appear to have been proceeding very injudiciously, without an escort, when they suddenly came up with a body of the mutineers of the 32d N. I. These were mounted on elephants, and were accompanied by seventy-five native troopers. The Commander-in-chief, so soon as he observed the enemy, retreated, till he found refuge in a bullock-train some ten miles in the rear. The troopers continued for a while to hover round, and the marvel was that this piece of unparalleled rashness should not have terminated fatally.

WHAT THE SEPOYS THINK OF THE SAILORS.

The most tremendous reports are prevalent in reference to Captain Peel's sailors, among the Sepoys throughout the country. The sailors are said to be four feet high and four feet across the shoulders, and to carry a field-piece under each arm, with as much ease as a porter would carry a bundle.

NENA SAHIB'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

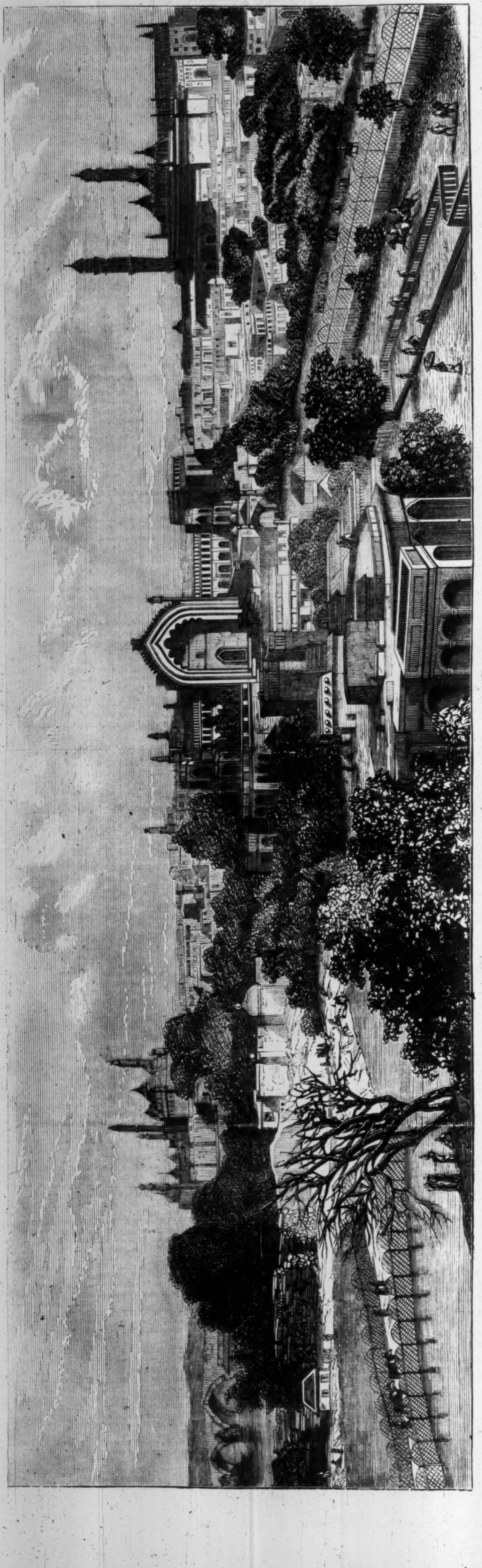
The *Mofussilite* gives us, from a "forthcoming *Government Gazette*," to be issued at Agra, we suppose, the following description of Nena Sahib: "The Nena is 42 years of age. Hair black, complexion light wheat-colored, large eyes, and flat round face. He is understood now to wear a beard. Height about five feet eight inches. He wears his hair very short (or at least did so), leaving only as much as a skull cap could cover. He is full in person and of powerful frame. He has not the Mahratta hooked nose with broad nostrils, but a straight, well-shaped one. He has a servant with a cut ear, who never leaves his side."

THE PRESENT STATE OF DELHI.

A correspondent writes: "Delhi is nearly in ruins from the effect of the heavy artillery fire. The church is riddled with shot holes, and the College and Magazine as well. The ground outside the city bears unmistakable marks of the conflict. Hindoo Rao's house is a shell, as well as many of the houses in Subzee Mundee and Kishen Gunge. The boughs of the trees are lopped off, and many of them are wholly felled by round shot, and the ground from the glacis to the ridge is strewn with shot, grape, and pieces of shell; large quantities of treasure are being daily dug from the walls of houses and tykhanahs. It is expected the amount of prize-money will be very large. The Jhujjur Nawab came in two days ago to stand his trial. The city is deserted by the inhabitants, and at night is silent as a grave-yard. The military governor is judiciously strict in allowing no one to enter without a pass. I hear some Europeans, as well as natives, have been creeping into the city through a drain or water-course, the iron bars of which were broken. They were soon caught, and will be severely punished. Their object was to loot, no doubt. They say there are many Sepoys still hidden in the city; if so, they should at once be shot. When one hears the sickening details of the almost incredible cruelties practiced by these miscreants on the English ladies, women, and children, mercy to the wretches appears, and is, a sin. Such an example should be made of them as would be handed down to succeeding generations with horror. In Delhi nothing has been done in the way of retribution. The besiegers lost more than the besieged, heavy as the slaughter was."

THE BATTLE OF AGRA.

A letter says: "The surprise on the part of the enemy at Agra was complete, and upon troops less inured to war than the men of the storm of Delhi it might have operated very unfavorably. But the veterans, English and Sikhs, readily recovered themselves. A desperate charge of a party of the Lancers, and a rolling fire from the 75th and 2d Punjabees in squares, checked and repelled the enemy's horse, and then the troops formed in line and attacked his infantry. So complete was the route that the mutineers of Indore and Mhow have ceased to resist as a body. For a time a party of them held together, and occupied some buildings at Futtehpore Sikri; but when a small force moved against them from Agra, under Colonel Cotton, all fled and dispersed but a few desperate men, who were cut to pieces. 'How many of the enemy were wounded?' asked an engineer officer at Agra of a soldier, when the force came back. 'There were none wounded,' replied the man, with a look that could not be mistaken."



THE CITY OF LUCKNOW.

THE CITY OF LUCKNOW.

THE illustrations on these pages represent scenes in the City of Lucknow, in Oude, the site of the last conflicts between the mutineers and the British forces.

Oude, as is known, is the latest acquisition of the East India Company. For a hundred years, however, the Company has been aware of its wealth. Warren Hastings squeezed it, moderately, of a couple of millions sterling; Lord Wellesley clipped off a little bit of land for a farm for a friend—about as large as England; other Governors—indeed, all the Governors—have contrived to get something out of it. It was a cut-and-come-again for the Company's agents; for Oude was the garden of Bengal. The land was the richest, the climate the finest, the people the strongest and hardiest in Bengal. There is hardly a plant that will not grow there; parts of the country are highly cultivated. The situation is central and excellent.

Lucknow, the capital city, was in olden time the equal rival of Delhi and Benares. After Sepoy guards snuffed out the pious fame of the latter, and quenched the magnificence of the former, Lucknow stood out pre-eminent. Twenty years ago, it was by far the finest native city in Bengal. Nassir-u-Deen was then on the throne, with an army of 100,000 men, and a revenue of several millions of dollars, besides what he stole from his people. He had the finest elephants, the fleetest horses, and the handsomest girls in India. His palace, which resembled a series of palaces, on the bank of the river, with immense parks and gardens attached, scarcely yielded the palm to the Elysium at Delhi. His throne was of gold, studded with brilliants; his robes were intolerably laden with emeralds and sapphires. So abundant were his means, and so lavish his expenditure, that he would throw away $150,000 in a single year on a barber. In no palace in India was the pomp and glitter of Oriental state more dazzling than at Lucknow. Though the King spoke English, dressed in French cassimere, swallow-tail, and patent leathers, surrounded himself with English attendants, and professed the greatest contempt for his native subjects, he had made no approach toward the simplicity of civilized life. His harem, his dining-hall, his wild beast combats, his guards, his retinue when he went out, his entertainments in the palace, were all worthy of a Grand Mogul of the olden time.

When he died, his successor walked in his footsteps. As thorough a sensualist as his father, he devoted his energies to the single occupations of gratifying every sensual appetite, and providing himself with the means of doing so by extortion. All that has been written of the luxury, the avarice, and magnificence of Persian and Greek monarchs falls short of the truth as regards the late King of Oude.

Necessarily such a sovereign administered the government of his kingdom badly. By a treaty made near half a century since, the King of Oude and his successors bound themselves to govern their country well and wisely; and in consideration of this, the East India Company bound itself to let them alone. A tribute was stipulated to be paid regularly at intervals to the Resident Agent of the Company at Lucknow. Under the government of the two last kings of Oude disorganization reached such a pitch that the accounts of it remind us of the contemporaneous history of Central America. Neither life nor property were safe any where. The bulk of the land was held by zemindars—a sort of feudal despots, who paid but a slender respect to the royal authority, maintained armies of four and five thousand men at their own cost, and either resisted the royal tax-gatherer or fought battles with their neighbors, as the whim seized them. If the peasantry escaped the rapacious hand of the monarch, it was only to fall into the clutches of these barons. The working-classes had to choose between absolute poverty and spoliation. The money contributed to the royal exchequer for the payment of the troops being invariably expended on fiddlers, dancing-girls, and wild beasts, the soldiery of Oude were billeted upon the various sections of the kingdom, and suffered to pay themselves. A zemindar considered himself fortunate if he could buy off a regiment and induce the colonel to remove to another part of the country by a bribe of $25,000. When the Oude men, who were in the Company's service, went home on furlough with the gold and trinkets which represented their savings, they would decorate their wives' persons with them while they were at home; but on leaving, they invariably buried the treasures in the earth. They would not have been safe a day in their wife's cottage.

Under this misgovernment the revenue of Oude had fallen sixty per cent. in the course of a few years; and of the roads, which were at one time many and good, one only—the military road to Cawnpore—remained passable. Agriculture was declining at a fearfully rapid rate; and, as we see at present in Mexico, a large portion of the peasantry, finding honest avocations unprofitable, betook themselves to robbery for a livelihood. The Court itself was a scene of incessant intrigue, vice, and crime; the King lived in daily dread of being poisoned; and nothing secured the safety of the Resident but a large body of Sepoys and British troops who were assigned him as a guard. It was under these circumstances that the East India Company, asserting that they were acting as much in behalf of the people of Oude as for the benefit of their own stockholders, deliberately deposed the King and annexed the country.

The change was most severely felt by the zemindars. The King of Oude received a pension, which enabled him to gratify his sensual appetites as usual; the peasants were, in all probability, really benefited by the establishment of a firm rule and equal laws; but the zemindars, the feudal barons, who had led a lawless life for years, had waged wars one with another for the sake of rapine, and had been accustomed to pay no respect to any authority at all, chafed severely at the inauguration of the iron government of the Company. The success of the rebellion in Oude is due to their discontent, to which they had ample means of giving effect by means of their armies of retainers—not less, it is said, than 100,000 in all. It is easy to perceive from the accounts we have received from Oude since the mutiny broke out, that the most formidable and resolute of the mutineers have been the men of Oude—the trained partisans led by their baron-zemindars.

Very formidable fellows, indeed! In Oude, as at the old European courts, every man goes armed. Even the traders and peddlers carry a tulwar and shield; while a vast proportion of the people consider a matchlock or gun as much a part of their dress as a covering for the head. In Oude the people are bred to arms. Boys know no other plaything than wooden swords; it is usual to present babies with little pistols instead of rattles. This habit of arms naturally fosters combative propensities; just as we read of street frays in the large cities of the Middle Ages, so recently at Lucknow it used to be not uncommon to hear shouts and cries at mid-day in some public thoroughfare, and to see quiet people run into their houses, from the conviction that two of the nobility had met and that their retainers were fighting.

Even the beggars—of whom under such a government there were naturally a swarm—wore sword and shield, and solicited alms with the point of their weapon directed at the throat of the person they were begging from. One notorious beggar actually prosecuted his business on the back of an elephant.

Lucknow, the capital city, is a place of some 300,000 inhabitants, and, like most of the Indian cities, once covered more ground than it now does. The King's Palace alone occupies nearly as much space as the rest of the city. Like Delhi, there is one large street; the others are so narrow, that, when an elephant passes, foot-passengers are obliged to jump into the houses on either side to avoid being crushed. They are of course dirty, ill-paved, and, at night, very unsafe. The houses are low, and built of flimsy material. Very many of them have their best chamber under ground; where, in the sultry season, the natives seek cool air and enjoy their afternoon sleep. Perfumes are kept burning in the subterranean apartments in the residences of rich men; foreigners who have been admitted to them complain that even the heat is less intolerable than the close perfumed atmosphere which is breathed in these cellar retreats. But the ladies of the East—little used at any time to fresh air—enjoy them prodigiously; in Lucknow, every well-kept harem has a spacious room under ground where the ladies spend a large segment of the day and night.

When the Company took possession of the Kingdom of Oude, it was found that it contained 246 forts mounting 436 guns, with 8000 gunners to work them, besides some 120,000 to 150,000 soldiers in arms. Of these the Company hired 12,500, and sent the rest adrift with their arms in their hands. Vigorous measures were taken to reorganize the administration of government. New laws were introduced. A new system of taxation was adopted. New local officers were appointed in every department. To carry out all these changes in a country counting several millions of population, and containing a large army, now for the first time thrown on its own resources, the government deputed one English regiment and two companies of artillery.

When the outbreak took place at Meerut, there were in all 900 British troops in Oude, and 22,000 Sepoys. Most of the latter mutinied, but at Lucknow, where Sir Henry Lawrence commanded, no stir was made at first. On 20th May, Sir Henry lent some men to Sir Hugh Wheeler at Cawnpore, and telegraphed to Calcutta that all was safe at Lucknow. But on 31st, after ten days of dreadful anxiety, the troops at the station mutinied, and besieged Lawrence with his Europeans in the fort. He shut himself up, and stood on the defensive, trusting that aid would shortly arrive from Calcutta or from the north. Unhappily the troops in the north were as hard pressed as he, and the government displayed its accustomed imbecility; no aid came, and, after waiting thirty-four days, he sallied forth on 2d July and attacked the besiegers at the head of a force partly composed of Europeans and partly of natives. As might have been expected, his men were hardly outside the fort when the native portion of his army turned against him; he succeeded in retreating, with heavy loss, and himself mortally wounded. The dispatch in which he tells the sad story of that day's fight, *and in which he makes no mention of his own hurt*, shows how truly great he was. He died two days afterward.

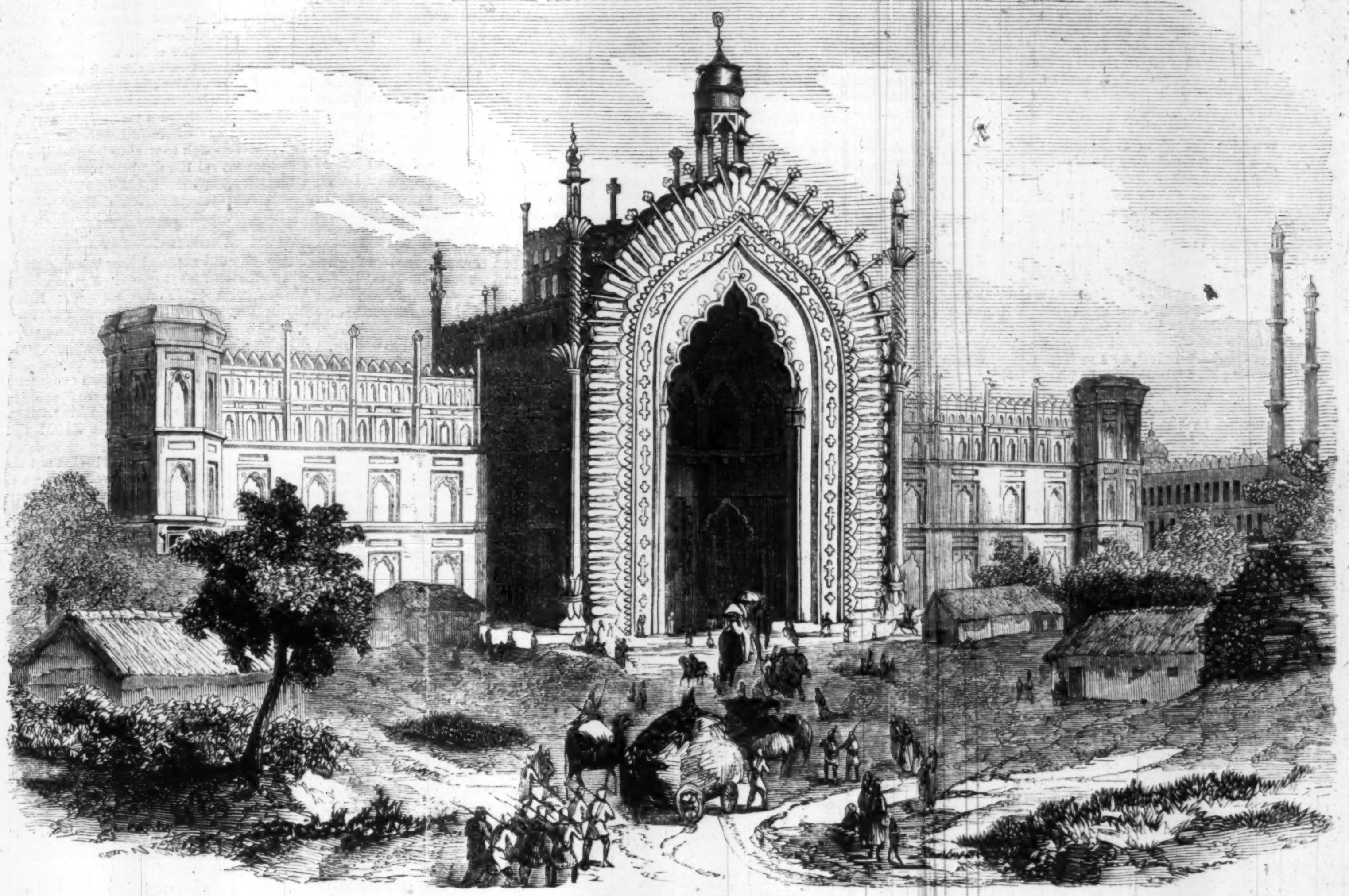
The rest is fresh in the memory of our readers. Colonel Inglis, at the head of the diminished band of Europeans, still continued to hold out against the besiegers; but his provisions fell very low, and once, at least, nothing but the providential arrival of Havelock and his Highlanders prevented the place from being taken. Now Havelock is there; Colin Campbell was, at latest dates, only a few miles distant; and against them seventy thousand natives are said to be assembled. No one who has read the accounts of the battles which have been fought since the outbreak can entertain any doubt as to the result, if a junction can be formed between Campbell's and Havelock's force. Ten to one is hardly enough for the Sepoys to have much chance. And we may rely upon it that when the vengeance does come, it will be exemplary.

Thirty-five years ago a Lieutenant in the Company's service collecting tribute, as was usual, at the head of a pretty strong force, visited the castle of a zemindar of Oude, and demanded the tax.

The zemindar, who had an army at his command, and was accustomed to make light of taxes and orders, treated the Lieutenant with some contempt, and hinted at resistance.

"If one of my men is hurt," said the Lieutenant, "I will storm your castle, and will not leave one human being alive within its walls."

The zemindar, accustomed to hear threats and



ROOMEE DURWAZA GATE, AT LUCKNOW.

unused to see them executed, laughed at the tone of the young man, and ordered some of his guard to shoot at the Sepoys outside. They did so, and two men were wounded. The Company's officer took his leave.

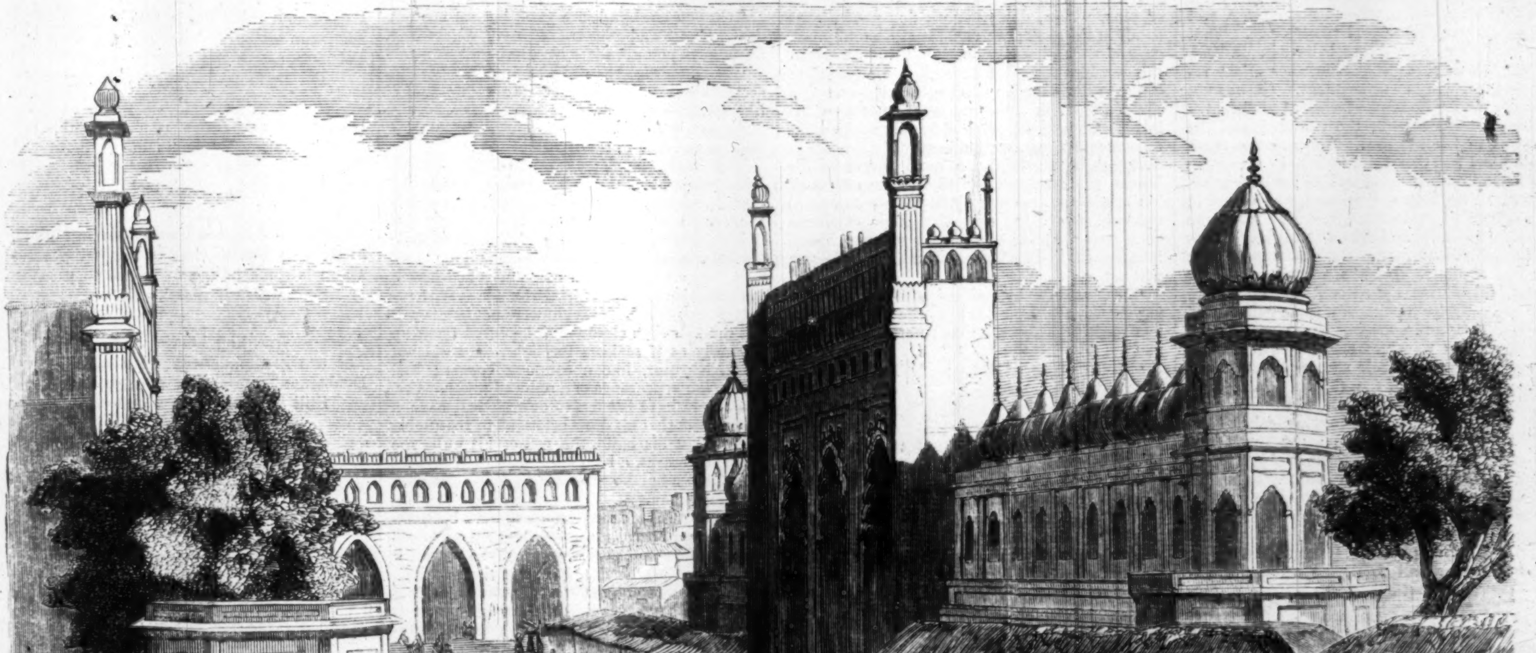
In ten minutes the artillery of the party was brought into play; in fifteen, the gate of the castle was battered down; in half an hour the place was stormed; and before the sun set that day it was done as the Lieutenant had said—not a living creature remained within the castle walls.

People at Calcutta were much shocked at the barbarity of the proceeding; but it is remarkable that, for thirty years from that day, the only district in Oude which was quiet, and where no murders or robberies were committed, was the one in which the haughty zemindar had paid so terrible a forfeit for his impudence.

The lesson will not be forgotten by the soldiers in whose hands the fate of India now lies. As to the Company's Government, its means for mischief are much reduced. A native writer says that, in the Post-office at Calcutta, they have two stamps, one "Insufficient," the other "Too late;" and that either the one or the other of these stamps should be impressed on every act of the Government of the Company. It is, perhaps, well that so little responsibility should henceforth rest on them.

We subjoin, as of some interest in connection with the foregoing, our latest news from Lucknow, which is given as follows in an Indian paper:

"It must be remembered that when the force started from Cawnpore on the 20th September the occupants of the Residency were in such peril that a delay of twenty-four hours would have been fatal to them. Their relief was understood to be all that was contemplated, when, returning with them to Cawnpore, Havelock would have waited for the reinforcements — commencing active operations, in which we trust he is engaged about the present time. Alumbagh, the country residence of former royalty, if left unoccupied by us, would have been maintained by the enemy, as the means of cutting off our communication with the base of operations; and as the sick, wounded, and baggage would have formed a serious encumbrance in the desperate conflict which, as was expected, ensued, they were left behind — the officers not carrying with them so much as a change of clothing. On the 25th, and more especially on the 26th September, the fighting seems to have been most severe, nearly a fourth of our force having been disabled. Some time aft-



PRINCIPAL STREET OF LUCKNOW.

er this—the date is uncertain—and after nearly a third of the town had become ours, the troops under Outram and Havelock seem to have separated. It now turned out that, with a body so large, so helpless, and so exhausted as the occupants of the Residency is, and a force so reduced, it would be vain to attempt to retire from Lucknow. There appears to have been very severe fighting, with a heavy list of casualties. On the 18th October a tremendous explosion was heard at Alumbagh, supposed to have been occasioned by the blowing up of the principal magazine of the enemy. Provisions now began to fail, and an attempt is supposed to have been contemplated to return to Alumbagh. On the 19th severe fighting is said to have occurred in the streets, in an endeavor to reunite the divided troops, or probably to secure some position of the enemy's occasioning special annoyance—for our information is little better than the echo of a rumor. Maun Singh, the great Oude landholder, who promised to join us with 15,000 men, is said to have become incensed against us about the time of Outram's arrival, by a malicious falsehood, intimating that his Zenana had been violated. On discovering that he had been made the victim of deception, he is said to have expressed his regret for what he had done, and to have proposed to join us; but these things are to be received as rumors only, still wanting confirmation. It was understood the garrison expected to be able to hold out till the 10th November. At this date they would be relieved, and able to resume the offensive at least 7000 strong. Their trials and endurance, when they come to be narrated, will be found to have had few precedents in the annals of heroism or of suffering."

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER V.

The most submissive where they love may be the most stubborn where they do not love.—Sophy is stubborn to Mr. Rugge.—That injured man summons to his side Mrs. Crane, imitating the policy of those potentates who would retrieve the failures of force by the successes of diplomacy.

Mr. Rugge has obtained his object. But now comes the question, "What will he do with it?" Question with as many heads as the Hydra; and no sooner does an Author dispose of one head than up springs another.

Sophy has been bought and paid for—she is now legally, Mr. Rugge's property. But there was a wise peer who once bought Punch—Punch became his property, and was brought in triumph to his lordship's house. To my lord's great dismay Punch would not talk. To Rugge's great dismay Sophy would not act.

Rendered up to Jasper Losely and Mrs. Crane, they had not lost an hour in removing her from Gatesboro' and its neighborhood. They did not, however, go back to the village in which they had left Rugge, but returned straight to London, and wrote to the manager to join them there.

Sophy, once captured, seemed stupefied; she evinced no noisy passion—she made no violent resistance. When she was told to love and obey a father in Jasper Losely, she lifted her eyes to his face—then turned them away, and shook her head, mute and incredulous. That man her father! she did not believe it. Indeed, Jasper took no pains to convince her of the relationship, or win her attachment. He was not unkindly rough; he seemed wholly indifferent—probably he was so—for the ruling vice of the man was in his egotism. It was not so much that he had bad principles and bad feelings, as that he had no principles and no feelings at all, except as they began, continued, and ended in that system of centralization, which not more paralyzes healthful action in a state than it does in the individual man. Self-indulgence with him was absolute. He was not without power of keen calculation, not without much cunning. He could conceive a project for some gain far off in the future, and concoct, for its realization, schemes subtly woven, astutely guarded. But he could not secure their success by any long-sustained sacrifices of the caprice of one hour or the indolence of the next. If it had been a great object to him for life to win Sophy's filial affection, he would not have bored himself for five minutes each day to gain that object. Besides, he had just enough of shame to render him uneasy at the sight of the child he had deliberately sold. So, after chucking her under the chin, and telling her to be a good girl and be grateful for all that Mrs. Crane had done for her, and meant still to do, he consigned her almost solely to that lady's care.

When Rugge arrived, and Sophy was informed of her intended destination, she broke silence; her color went and came quickly; she declared, folding her arms upon her breast, that she would never act if separated from her grandfather. Mrs. Crane, struck by her manner, suggested to Rugge that it might be as well now that she was legally secured to the manager, to humor her wish, and re-engage Waife. Whatever the tale with which, in order to obtain Sophy from the Mayor, she had turned that worthy magistrate's mind against the Comedian, she had not gratified Mr. Rugge by a similar confidence to him. To him she said nothing which might operate against renewing engagements with Waife, if he were so disposed. But Rugge had no faith in a child's firmness, and he had a strong spite against Waife, so he obstinately refused. He insisted, however, as a peremptory condition of the bargain, that Mr. Losely and Mrs. Crane should accompany him to the town to which he had transferred his troop, both in order by their presence to confirm his authority over Sophy, and to sanction his claim to her, should Waife reappear and dispute it. For Rugge's pro[illegible]tion being scarcely legitimate, and decidedl[illegible]uivocal, his right to bring up a female chil[illegible] the same calling might be called in quest[illegible] before a magistrate, and necessitate the pr[illegible]tion of her father in order to substantiate t[illegible]pecial contract. In return, the manager han[illegible]nely offered to Mr. Losely and Mrs. Crane to [illegible] their expenses in the excursion—a liber[illegible]ughtily rejected by Mrs. Crane for herself, [illegible]ough she agreed at her own charge to accompany Losely, if he decided on complying with the manager's request. Losely at first raised objections, but hearing that there would be races in the neighborbood, and having a peculiar passion for betting and all kinds of gambling, as well as an ardent desire to enjoy his £100 in so fashionable a manner, he consented to delay his return to the Continent, and attend Arabella Crane to the provincial Elis. Rugge carried off Sophy to her fellow "orphans."

And Sophy would not act!

In vain she was coaxed—in vain she was threatened—in vain she was deprived of food—in vain shut up in a dark hole—in vain was the lash held over her. Rugge, tyrant though he was, did not suffer the lash to fall. His self-restraint there might be humanity—might be fear of the consequences. For the state of her health began to alarm him; she might die—there might be an inquest. He wished now that he had taken Mrs. Crane's suggestion, and re-engaged Waife. But where *was* Waife? Meanwhile he had advertised the Young Phenomenon; placarded the walls with the name of Juliet Araminta; got up the piece of the Remorseless Baron, with a new rock scene. As Waife had had nothing to say in that drama, so any one could act his part.

The first performance was announced for that night: there would be such an audience—the best seats even now pre-engaged—first night of the race week. The clock had struck seven—the performance began at eight. And Sophy would not act!

The child was seated in a space that served for the green-room, behind the scenes. The whole company had been convened to persuade or shame her out of her obstinacy. The king's lieutenant, the seductive personage of the troop, was on one knee to her, like a lover. He was accustomed to lovers' parts, both on the stage and off it. Off it he had one favored phrase, hackneyed but effective. "You are too pretty to be so cruel." Thrice he now repeated that phrase, with a simper that might have melted a heart of stone between each repetition. Behind Sophy's chair, and sticking calico-flowers into the child's tresses, stood the senior matron of the establishment—not a bad sort of woman—who kept the dresses, nursed the sick, revered Rugge, told fortunes on a pack of cards which she always kept in her pocket, and acted occasionally in parts where age was no drawback and ugliness desirable—such as a witch, or duenna, or whatever in the dialogue was poetically called "Hag." Indeed, Hag was the name she usually took from Rugge—that which she bore from her defunct husband was Gormerick. This lady, as she braided the garland, was also bent on the soothing system, saying, with great sweetness, considering that her mouth was full of pins, "Now, deary—now, dovey—look at ooself in the glass; we could beat oo, and pinch oo, and stick pins into oo, dovey, but we won't. Dovey will be good, I know;" and a great pat of rouge came on the child's pale cheeks. The clown therewith squatting before her with his hands on his knees, grinned lustily, and shrieked out, "My eyes, what a beauty!"

Rugge, meanwhile, one hand thrust in his bosom, contemplated the diplomatic efforts of his ministers, and saw by Sophy's compressed lips and unwinking eyes, that their cajoleries were unsuccessful. He approached, and hissed into her ear, "Don't madden me! don't!—you will act, eh?"

"No," said Sophy, suddenly rising; and tearing the wreath from her hair, she set her small foot on it with force. "No! not if you killed me!"

"Gods!" faltered Rugge. "And the sum I have paid! I am diddled! Who has gone for Mrs. Crane?"

"Tom," said the clown.

The word was scarcely out of the clown's mouth ere Mrs. Crane herself emerged from a side-scene, and, putting off her bonnet, laid both hands on the child's shoulders, and looked her in the face without speaking. The child as firmly returned the gaze. Give that child a martyr's cause, and in that frail body there would have been a martyr's soul. Arabella Crane, not inexperienced in children, recognized a power of will, stronger than the power of brute force, in that tranquillity of eye—the spark of calm light in its tender blue—blue, pure as the sky; light, steadfast as the star.

"Leave her to me, all of you," said Mrs. Crane. "I will take her to your private room, Mr. Rugge;" and she led the child away to a sort of recess, room it could not be rightly called, fenced round with boxes and crates, and containing the manager's desk and two stools.

"Sophy," then said Mrs. Crane, "you say you will not act unless your grandfather be with you. Now, hear me. You know that I have been always stern and hard with you. I never professed to love you—nor do I. But you have not found me untruthful. When I say a thing seriously, as I am speaking now, you may believe me. Act to-night, and I will promise you faithfully that I will either bring your grandfather here, or I will order it so that you shall be restored to him. If you refuse, I make no threat, but I shall leave this place; and my belief is that you will be your grandfather's death."

"His death—his death—I!"

"By first dying yourself. Oh, you smile; you think it would be happiness to die. What matter that the old man you profess to care for is broken-hearted! Brat, leave selfishness to boys—you are a girl! Suffer!"

"Selfish!" murmured Sophy, "selfish! that was said of me before. Selfish!—ah, I understand. No, I ought not to wish to die—what would become of him?" She fell on her knees, and, raising both her clasped hands, prayed inly, silently—an instant, not more. She rose. "If I do act, then—it is a promise—you will keep it. I shall see him—he shall know where I am—we shall meet!"

"A promise—sacred. I will keep it. Oh, girl, how much you will love some day—how your heart will ache! and when you are my age, look at that heart, then at your glass—perhaps you may be, within and without, like me."

Sophy—innocent Sophy—stared, awe-stricken, but uncomprehending. Mrs. Crane led her back passive.

"There, she will act. Put on the wreath. Trick her out. Hark ye, Mr. Rugge. This is for one night. I have made conditions with her: either you must take back her grandfather, or—she must return to him."

"And my £100?"

"In the latter case ought to be repaid you."

"Am I never to have the Royal York theatre? Ambition of my life, Ma'am! Dreamed of it thrice! Ha! but she will act, and succeed. But to take back the old vagabond—a bitter pill! He shall halve it with me! Ma'am, I'm your grateful—"

CHAPTER VI.

Threadbare is the simile which compares the world to a stage. Schiller, less complimentary than Shakspeare, lowers the illustration from a stage to a puppet-show. But ever between realities and shows there is a secret communication, an undetected interchange—sometimes a stern reality in the heart of the ostensible actor, a fantastic stage-play in the brain of the unnoticed spectator. The Bandit's Child on the proscenium is still poor little Sophy, in spite of garlands and rouge. But that honest rough-looking fellow to whom, in respect for services to Sovereign and Country, the apprentice yields way—may he not be—the crafty Comedian?

Taran-tarantara—rub-a-dub-dub—play up horn—roll drum—a quarter to eight; and the crowd already thick before Rugge's Grand Exhibition—"Remorseless Baron and Bandit's Child! Young Phenomenon—Juliet Araminta—Patronized by the Nobility in general, and expecting daily to be summoned to perform before the Queen—*Vivat Regina!*"—Rub-a-dub-dub. The company issue from the curtain—range in front of the proscenium. Splendid dresses. The Phenomenon!—'tis she!

"My eyes, there's a beauty!" cries the clown.

The days have already grown somewhat shorter; but it is not yet dusk. How charmingly pretty she still is, despite that horrid paint; but how wasted those poor bare snowy arms!

A most doleful lugubrious dirge mingles with the drum and horn. A man has forced his way close by the stage—a man with a confounded cracked hurdy-gurdy. Whine—whine—creaks the hurdy-gurdy, "Stop that—stop that muzeek," cries a delicate apprentice, clapping his hands to his ears.

"Pity a poor blind—" answers the man with a hurdy-gurdy.

"Oh you are blind, are you? but we are not deaf. There's a penny not to play. What black thing have you got there by a string?"

"My dog, Sir!"

"Devilish ugly one—not like a dog—more like a bear—with horns!"

"I say, master," cries the clown, "Here's a blind man come to see the Phenomenon!"

The crowd laugh; they make way for the blind man's black dog. They suspect, from the clown's address, that the blind man has something to do with the company.

You never saw two uglier specimens of their several species than the blind man and his black dog. He had rough red hair and a red beard, his face had a sort of twist that made every feature seem crooked. His eyes were not bandaged, but the lids were closed, and he lifted them up piteously as if seeking for light. He did not seem, however, like a common beggar; had rather the appearance of a reduced sailor. Yes, you would have bet ten to one he had been a sailor; not that his dress belonged to that noble calling, but his build, the roll of his walk, the tie of his cravat, a blue anchor tattooed on that great brown hand—certainly a sailor—a British tar! poor man.

The dog was hideous enough to have been exhibited as a *lusus naturæ*—evidently very aged—for its face and ears were gray, the rest of it a rusty reddish black. It had immensely long ears, pricked up like horns. It was a dog that must have been brought from foreign parts; it might have come from Acheron, sire by Cerberus, so portentous and (if not irreverent the epithet) so infernal was its aspect, with that gray face, those antlered ears, and its ineffably weird demeanor altogether. A big dog, too, and evidently a strong one. All prudent folks would have made way for a man led by that dog. Whine creaked the hurdy-gurdy, and bow-wow, all of a sudden, barked the dog. Sophy stifled a cry, pressed her hand to her breast, and such a ray of joy flashed over her face that it would have warmed your heart for a month to have seen it.

But do you mean to say, Mr. Author, that that British Tar (gallant, no doubt, but hideous) is Gentleman Waife, or that Stygian animal the snowy-curled Sir Isaac?

Upon my word, when I look at them myself, I, the Historian, am puzzled. If it had not been for that bow-wow, I am sure Sophy would not have suspected. "Tara-taran-tara. Walk in, ladies and gentlemen, walk in, the performance is about to commence!" Sophy lingers last.

"Yes, Sir," said the blind man who had been talking to the apprentice. "Yes, Sir," said he, loud and emphatically, as if his word had been questioned. "The child was snowed up, but luckily the window of the hut was left open: Exactly at two o'clock in the morning, that dog came to the window, set up a howl, and—"

Sophy could hear no more—led away behind the curtain by the King's Lieutenant. But she had heard enough to stir her heart with an emotion that set all the dimples round her lip into undulating play.

CHAPTER VII.

A Sham carries off the Reality.

And she did act, and how charmingly! with what glee and what gusto! Rugge was beside himself with pride and rapture. He could hardly perform his own Baronial part for admiration. The audience, a far choicer and more fastidious one than that in the Surrey village, was amazed, enthusiastic.

"I shall live to see my dream come true! I shall have the great York Theatre!" said Rugge, as he took off his wig and laid his head on his pillow. "Restore her for the £100! not for thousands!"

Alas, my sweet Sophy, alas! Has not the joy that made thee perform so well, undone thee? Ah! hadst thou but had the wit to act horribly, and be hissed!

"Uprose the sun, and uprose Baron Rugge."

Not that ordinarily he was a very early man; but his excitement broke his slumbers. He had taken up his quarters on the ground floor of a small lodging-house close to his Exhibition; in the same house lodged his senior Matron, and Sophy herself. Mrs. Gormerick being ordered to watch the child, and never lose sight of her, slept in the same room with Sophy, in the upper story of the house. The old woman served Rugge for housekeeper, made his tea, grilled his chop, and for company's sake shared his meals. Excitement as often sharpens the appetite as it takes it away. Rugge had supped on hope, and he felt a craving for a more substantial breakfast. Accordingly, when he had dressed, he thrust his head into the passage, and seeing there the maid-of-all-work unbarring the street door, bade her go up stairs and wake the Hag, that is, Mrs. Gormerick. Saying this, he extended a key; for he ever took the precaution, before retiring to rest, to lock the door of the room to which Sophy was consigned, on the outside, and guard the key till the next morning.

The maid nodded, and ascended the stairs. Less time than he expected passed away before Mrs. Gormerick made her appearance, her gray hair streaming under her nightcap, her form endued in a loose wrapper—her very face a tragedy.

"Powers above! What has happened?" exclaimed Rugge, prophetically.

"She is gone!" sobbed Mrs. Gormerick; and seeing the lifted arm and clenched fist of the manager, prudently fainted away.

MARCH ON!

I.

Heavy and thick the atmosphere,
The prospect narrow, dark, severe—
Yet a few steps the path is clear,
For those few steps, march on!

II.

Dark rocks that frown as if in wrath,
Like giants ranged across the path—
Be sure the gorge some outlet hath,
So trustfully march on!

III.

A deep wide stream that shines like glass,
Flanked by steep banks of slippery grass—
There is some bridge by which to pass,
So watchfully march on!

IV.

A tempest rattling in the wind,
The sun in thunder-robes enshrined—
Doubt not some shelter soon to find,
Still hopefully march on!

V.

The day goes out—the fog upcrowds,
Darkness the face of heaven enshrouds—
A voice shall guide thee through the clouds,
So patiently march on!

VI.

If Duty set you on the way,
You need not fear—you must not stay;
Still faithfully her word obey,
Still loyally march on!

VII.

Let but your aims be high and true,
Your spirit firm, but patient too,
A Titan's strength shall go with you,
Still fearlessly march on!

THE RECTOR'S CROSS.

I first saw the little village of Arlington three years ago. It has its modest beauties, like every other country place that has not yet begun to think of being like town, and without great mountains, large rivers, or broad prairies around it to give it *prestige*, still leaves in the heart that has once seen it a feeling of midsummer quiet and green solitude that keeps it from being forgotten, and makes one wish to return to it again. Tired with the dusty tumults of the world, as I entered it, half-reclining among the cushions of my carriage, I said, while I gazed dreamily upon the willows by its water-courses, and the cows that, undisturbed, drank or browsed beneath them,

"Truly this is better than Newport, better than Saratoga, for it is a watering-place for the heart!"

For it did not seem possible that Arlington should ever be invaded by the tumults of the inner or the outer life. It was a lotos-eater's bay, a grotto of stillness not yet wakened out of the blessed *far niente* of the Golden Age. Men were born here into a heritage of peace. There were no feuds between brethren; no pangs of love unreturned; no temptations to be resisted with the writhings of an athlete; no fierce ambitions; nothing but birth, a good, pure life, and a late death, which was not death, but a falling of ripened hearts

—"into the lap of earth,
Gathered, not harshly plucked."

For three months I was to stay in Arlington, and grow young again. I had taken a cottage for the summer in one of the most pastoral dells that slept in the shadows of that pastoral place. I had taken it because it had a window in which I might sit, smelling woodbines in the whispers of the wind, reading Herbert, Sir Thomas Brown, and the musical *trochées* of old Robert Herrick, living with them in the shrines and fields of the simple-hearted long ago, undisturbed by a single hard suggestion of the iron younger time.

But I am a companionable man, and I sometimes felt, even in the delicious repose of my odorous nook, a longing for one congenial soul to whom I might say, "How happy I am!" The birds sang when I read my best beloved old poets, as joyously as if they understood them with me; and, say what you will, I believe the birds do understand Chaucer, and Spenser, and Herrick, and all who understood them so well. But alas! poor child of the present that I was, I had lost the key to their genial criticisms, and heard music only without words. So I sought and found a human friend.

It was the Rector of St. John's, the church of Arlington. Daily I grew in love with that man, for he was one of the most thoughtful, gentle, sympathizing natures that I ever knew. He loved the authors that I loved, and that was the first common ground on which we met. We had both passed through trials; and what bond of brotherhood is there like that? At length we two walked together in lonely places every day, which is the last and surest evidence that communion has been recognized between natures.

Some of these walks were a kind of spoken meditations; others, again, were brisk, sturdy tramps to shake off the over-indolence of the cloister; and in the latter of these I learned that I had been partly mistaken in supposing Arlington utterly devoid of those traits which give a grand as well as beautiful distinction to physical character. She had no mountains, rivers, or heaths, as I have said, but modestly she kept her greatness in secret; her forte was caves.

Every where under the rolling limestone ridges which surrounded her, Nature had gone mining and carving; here running a narrow, sinuous gallery, here lifting the dome of a resounding chamber—now leaving her memorial in a crystal-clad knight, now in an under-earth chapel of sparry fretwork. Many an hour, with torch in hand, have I spent, side by side with the Rector of St. John's, or following him cautiously past gulfs and rifts, among those wondrous monuments upon which their eternal Architect has left no date for us, the workmen of a day.

It was during one of these tours of exploration that we came suddenly into a chamber loftier, and in every respect more beautiful, than I had seen before; and thrusting our torches into a crevice of the floor, sat down upon a shelf to rest. As I searched all the room with the curious eye of a novice in such wonders, now attracted by some grotesque corbel, now wondering if in the ancient time the strange cresset of stalactite which hung from the arch above me had ever flashed with green witch-lights to cheer a goblin-dance, I happened to catch a glimpse, in the farther corner, of a perfect cross, fashioned from the spar, and reared in a deep natural niche whose shadow half obscured it. Rising, I took my torch and went to it. Just at the intersection of the arms, carefully graven, it bore these two letters:

R. N.

"Why, Eversley," I exclaimed, "what is this? Nature certainly does wondrous marvels for you people of Arlington; but I am hardly prepared to believe of her that she has taken to the primer, or learned to write in our alphabet."

I said no more, for I saw that the sprightly tone of my words chorded but ill with the feeling which just then was shadowing the Rector's face into something like the twilight of a past yet unforgotten sorrow.

"Not Nature," solemnly replied Charles Eversley, "but the conquest of Nature by a soul which was greater than she, has hallowed with that cross the chamber in which we are sitting. With my own hands I carved it from the rock, with its inscription, to keep in mind forever the memory of another—an unseen cross, borne by the heroic heart of my more than friend—my brother—who is gone, Ralph Norton.

"Nay, do not ask forgiveness; you have not been unkind—you have not heedlessly awakened memories which I would lose. I brought you to this place because it was the fittest for the recital of that great self-sacrifice which has sanctified this cave to me for evermore.

"I have not always been Rector of Arlington. Twenty years ago I was only master of the parish school and assistant to the then Rector, who was himself the friend of whom I have spoken—the R. N. commemorated by that cross.

"Having graduated from St. Mary's College at the age of nineteen, poor, and without patronage, I took orders, certainly without any expectation of ecclesiastical preferment, but rather in the hope that the future might have something for me to do of quiet usefulness, if not of greatness. I was a lover of books, of walks and talks among the poor, and my early orphanage had very much cut me off from those pursuits of society in which a man of family is likely to indulge. You will not wonder, then, that the offer of this situation at Arlington, subordinate as it was in rank, and modest in remuneration, was still accepted thankfully by one whose whole life had taught him to bound his desires.

"On reaching here I was immediately received into the family of the Rector with a cordial hospitality which it did not take long to ripen into a strong friendship. Ralph Norton was a man of forty-two, erect and handsome, though giving evidence in the paleness of his face, and the unnatural brilliancy of his deep brown eyes, that he had won the invariable guerdon of a life of deep thinking—that sad crown of scholarly men, unhealth. An organic disease of the heart had fastened mercilessly upon him; and on this very account had it been necessary for him to divide with another the labors of a parish so small as Arlington.

"The other members of the Rectory household were a housekeeper and a young girl of eighteen, Rosalie Manners. The latter was the orphan of his most intimate college friend, a clergyman of great promise, who, dying widowed when this, his only child, was a mere babe, had bequeathed her to Ralph Norton, with the entreaty that he would be to her all that, had he lived, he might have been himself. With what sleepless tenderness that trust was fulfilled Heaven has written down beside Ralph Norton's name!

"It was beautiful to see the pride with which he now regarded her as, in the full blush of her exquisite young womanhood, she repaid all his earlier labors for her with a nothing-reserving confidence, an obedience to his every wish, and a thorough accomplishment in those feminine arts which make a home lovely, and glorify the humblest accessory of life into 'something rich and strange.' She was very beautiful, and her mind and heart were as lovely as her face. So that I could not wonder, when, on the very night of my arrival, he made her the theme of most of our conversation as we sat till late around the fire-light together, and listened with a sparkling eye to those praises of her which I could not help speaking. He showed me fine landscape pieces, and said Rosalie had painted them; when a sweet, low voice went singing up the stairs he listened and whispered, 'That is my dear child;' and I could glance nowhere around the room without seeing some new grace which he told me she had contributed. 'Truly,' thought I, 'never did father love daughter more dearly.'

"On the morrow I was installed in my place. Gradually, day by day, I learned to love it more and more. The parish children were bright, and, on the whole, orderly, industrious little things, and there was nothing difficult in taking care of them. Then, too, the Sundays on which I preached in St. John's would have been very pleasant to me, bringing as they did honest, attentive, country faces, and the grand old melody of the service, had it not been for the thought that my place in the pulpit was due to some paroxysm of pain or weakness which kept my friend Ralph Norton at home.

"And whenever, after school or service, I returned to the rectory, what a home was that I came to! How little had I ever expected such a one in my modest peerings forward into life from the college cloisters! There was the Rector looking up always with the same smile of welcome as I opened the door, Rosalie chirping the same bird-like, half-coy greeting as she flew about in tea-making responsibility among the cups and saucers, and the motherly old housekeeper giving comfortable prestige to them all from her sinecure position of oversight in the largest arm-chair by the fire. If there ever was a feeling of short dislike to going away from that dear household in the morning, it was straightway chased by the thought how pleasant the coming back would be at night.

"For the first few months I kept saying to myself, 'How good it would be if all this would last forever; if these nine o'clock partings could be our hardest, these absences the longest, and our evenings could ever be spent in the same way!' By-and-by, however, there crept into my heart the feeling that something was wanting, and I was glad, on the whole, that the once desired unchangeableness could never be realized. I would have had never a hair grow gray upon the forehead of the noble Rector; I would, as earnestly as before, that I might never hear his voice sound differently as he talked with me or read to us all enthusiastically, with a rich, clear tone, out of some beloved book; nor should old Meta have another wrinkle nor need stronger glasses for her liturgy; nor should house or trees or garden change in aught—but for the sake of one, I looked forward with a vague longing to some future time—some time when I might be a nearer friend, a still more warmly welcomed comer—yes, when I might say, as well as the Rector, and still more dearly—my Rosalie!

"Never for woman's sake had I felt this longing before. At first it was so new a thing that I could not define it, and because it gave me a sort of half-pain, I worked harder, and read more deeply, and talked more intently with them all, thinking that I might throw it off. Ignorant one! It grew, and grew, and grew.

"As soon as I began to feel that I was really in love with the beautiful girl, I seemed to perceive a change in her. She was much more shy of me—she blushed whenever I came in suddenly, and really appeared to be avoiding me at those times when I most sought her. Yet in all that I did she took a deeper though more silent interest than before, and if I preached or talked to my children while she was by, I invariably caught her eye fixed upon me when I turned toward her, and saw her look away in confusion. Was this a response of love to love? I was too much of a novice to tell.

"At last a heavy sickness came upon me, and for a week I lay at the rectory just trembling between life and death. It was in those hours of watching and weariness that that noble heart of Ralph Norton showed itself. Truly, all great souls are blended of twain—the manly and the womanly—and when the shadow of death seemed shutting out from my eyes all dazzling cross-lights, I beheld truly the greatness of that man in the strength of his upholding, and the mother-like tenderness of his consolation. Then also did I make another, if possible, a more delicious discovery. On the last night of that delirious week of my danger I awoke about midnight into the most perfect restoration of consciousness. I [illegible] no sign which could tell that I had returned, and there, in the moonlight that came through my curtains, I saw Rosalie kneeling by the side of my bed. She thought that I still slept, and with an intensity that made her voice broken she was praying that if it were possible I might be saved. Then all doubt fled forever.

"Just then, too, Ralph Norton looked noiselessly in at the door. He cast one glance at the praying girl, and over his face there passed, like a cloud, an expression of such intense anguish as never before had I seen on the features of a fellow-man. And then he glided away as silently as he had come. What could it mean? Ah—I learned in after days! But at that moment, in the dimness of my newly recovered sense, I feared that it was some sudden paroxysm of his disease, and faintly cried, 'Rosalie!' Hearing me speak again, she started up as in a dream, and seizing my hand pressed it to her lips for a moment, then ran to bring the Rector. He came, and with a face on which the late emotion had left no trace, embraced me, saying, with a solemn cheerfulness, 'The Lord be praised for thee, my brother.'

"And now I mended rapidly. Cheered by a great hope from whose sky all questionings had gone, surrounded by endearments, and nursed by all that loving household more like a child than a man, no wonder that before the spring which saw the beginning of my sickness had melted into summer I was again attending to the duties of my place. They all seemed glad. Rosalie gladder than them all.

"It was as bright a day in June as this which you and I, my friend, have left behind us in the open air, that the Rector, Rosalie, and I set out for a visit to this very cave. We were to explore all its windings, and then, returning to a sunny knoll overlooking Arlington, to meet there a servant sent from the house at noon with the dinner-basket, and enjoy one of those quiet picnics which, in fair weather, had come to supplant all our other holiday recreations.

"I do not remember a more blithely-seeming three than we were that morning. For a long time the Rector had been quite well, I was now entirely restored, and the exuberance of Rosalie's spirits was enchantingly girlish. At the mouth of the cave we lit our torches as usual, and then, taking very much the same route as ours to day, began winding through the labyrinths until we came to this room. Then on this very shelf we all sat down to rest, planting our torches in a rift of the floor.

"Look up now to the ceiling of that strait passage by which we entered. Do you see, just over what might be called the door-sill of this chamber, how deep a chasm opens upward toward the surface?"

I looked, and perceived a high-reaching rift, just the breadth of the entrance, and perhaps ten feet wide in the direction taken by the outer gallery, into which might have been drawn up a portcullis massive enough to make our chamber as impregnable as Gibraltar. "Yes, I see it," I replied.

"Very well. When Ralph Norton, Rosalie, and I entered this room, that chasm was not there. The door was as low as the gallery—we stooped half my height at least when we came in—for the present void was occupied by an enormous rock, bounded on all sides by crevices indeed, but to every human appearance as certain to resist every shock till the last day, as any part of the surrounding ceiling.

"As we sat here together on the shelf our thoughts reverted to those caves which God and Time have hallowed. We spoke of Machpelah, where the grand old father of a race buried the beloved dead out of his sight; the solemn desert catacombs, where Edom laid her grim-harnessed warriors after the fields whose glory was unwritten; the cavern of the rich man, where, when all things were fulfilled, angels watched the wondrous sleep of One who in the time to come shall wake us all to meet Him.

"Then said Rosalie, 'I could not sleep quietly in a cave. When I am dead I would fain lie nearer other hearts and the sunshine.' And she clasped my arm convulsively, as if in fear of the thought.

"Over the face of Ralph Norton there passed such another cloud of quick unutterable pain as I had seen at my bedroom door. But it cleared away in a moment, and he answered,

"'I would willingly lie down to rest here forever.'

"But hark! What was that low rumbling—that grinding as of heavy rock-masses? We all looked at once toward the entrance, and saw the stone above it moving down. For one moment we believed it an illusion; another, and with a muffled roar, it fell and shut us in!

"Yes, we were entombed! A while we sat gazing into one another's fitfully-illumined faces with a dreamy horror—a stupefied doubtfulness. The Rector was the first to realize the truth. He sprang to his feet—he rushed to the fallen rock, and putting his mouth to the narrow gaps that still were left on either side, shouted, 'Help! help!' with all his might, while Rosalie's voice and my own joined with him. In vain! utterly in vain! We might as well have hoped to be heard from the bottom of the sea. This spot, where you and I are sitting, is a winding way of half a mile from the daylight.

"But despair came soon enough, and with it calmness. No, I will not call it despair—at least not with the Rector. His face grew slowly lighter with a serene smile as he sat down between Rosalie and me and took both our hands.

"'God takes us home by an untrodden road,' said he; 'yet it leads to Him as surely. And now, my children—suffer one who loves you to call you so—we can not tell how long we may have to wait here before the darkness breaks. Our master was in the cave three days—for us the time may be longer. But one thing we must do before all things are accomplished. We are going to a world where there is no marrying or giving in marriage; therefore it becomes souls who would meet hereafter in that indissoluble bond to be wedded here. Rosalie—Eversley—you love one another.'

"It was then, with one speechless embrace, in that sepulchral bridal chamber, that my beloved and I told one another all the unimparted yearnings of the past.

"'It is well,' spoke the Rector. 'Let us all stand up.'

"In a clear and solemn voice he began the marriage-service. Even now I hear it sometimes sounding in my dreams, and it makes sleep so holy, so awful, that I instantly awake.

"We came to that portion of the rite in which I was to repeat after him, 'With this ring I thee wed.' But ring I had not—the poor scholar, the only less poor priest, had never numbered a jewel among all his possessions.

"For a moment the Rector stopped, and, feeling in his breast, brought forth a small packet which he opened. There, half hidden in a light curl cut from Rosalie's forehead in her childhood, lay what we needed—a plain gold circlet, without a stone or any inscription but the letters of her name—and he handed it to me. I placed it on her finger, and the Rector went on. But this was done by feeling, not by sight; for just as the words 'Till death us do part' had fallen from our lips, the last torch that burned lingeringly in its crevice of the floor went out, and we were parted by that darkness which seemed a symbol of his more awful brother. In the darkness was the service finished, and kissing with an unutterable kiss each other's unseen lips, we sat down.

"For a short time no one spoke. We heard only our own breathing, sounding low and smothered as if by the palpable blackness. Suddenly, between Rosalie and me there came a bitter groan, and I knew as certainly as if we were in the sunlight that the old cloud was passing over the face of Ralph Norton. But never to shadow it again. The hand that clasped the fingers of my wife and me grew quickly cold—closed tighter still—and then relaxed to close on them no more, till we shall all greet one another in the light ineffable. He had broken the darkness first—Ralph Norton was dead! In the sudden shock of that midnight affliction Rosalie fell senseless on his breast, crying, 'My father! oh my father!'

"But for that mighty upholding which is given us in the measure of our need, I should have gone mad. Helpless—not for myself, whom I utterly forgot, but for her just made mine in the bosom of our grave—not knowing but she were already with him whom we had lost—oh, in this double grief, nothing but God close by me could have kept reason from extinction!

"But presently she spoke again, and knowing that I was not utterly forsaken something strangely akin to joy came back to me, and I clasped her to my bosom, saying, like a little child, 'Rosalie, Rosalie, never leave me!'

"How long we kept our rayless guard over the dead I could not measure. Now falling on the rock beside him in the slumber of exhaustion, now weeping bitterly as if we would move the stones of our prison, now supporting each other with the sublime consolations of a world to come, and now clasping each other in terror as we imagined the rest of the ceiling coming down and the air growing more stifling, we passed—they tell us it was thirty hours.

"At last we saw a gleam dart through the crevices at the door-way. We heard voices call sturdily, 'Mr. Norton! Mr. Eversley! are you there?' Not daring to believe it was not some mocking dream, we still answered loudly, and heard the voices utter a deep 'Thank God!' Yes, they had found us!

"Cheering heartily as they labored on with a will, our preservers hammered and delved and cut toward us with pickaxe and bar. Yet most cautiously had they to mine, or another fall of rock might have buried us all. At last they opened a breach just large enough to shove through the food and drink for which we were famishing. Then they came so near that they could thrust in their hard brown hands, bleeding with that extraordinary toil of humanity, and Rosalie and I wrung them and kissed them as if they had been those of angels. But missing one hand whose grasp they had been nerving themselves to reach, they asked, bodingly, 'Where is Mr. Norton?' I could only answer, 'He has gone to the light before us.' After that, they wrought on as steadily, but I heard no more cheering.

"Under God's open sky again! Out beneath the priceless heaven, breathing that measureless free air, bathed in that quenchless sunlight which we had only learned to be so wonderful a blessing from the All-Father, by having known what it was to despair of ever coming to it more. And with us we brought that cold dwelling of Ralph Norton, from which, as out of a narrower cave, his pure soul had flown into a wider, grander sky. Then was it laid in the church-yard with weeping and the lamentation of a people who mourned a noble man and a beloved.

"I was made Rector of St. John's, and Rosalie and I went to that sad house whose shadow should never be lighted by the blessed face of Ralph Norton. And there have we lived together till this day.

"It was long before I could command myself enough to make the necessary examination of the estate of my dead friend. When I did so I found that he had left every thing to Rosalie, of whom he spoke in his will as 'my best beloved one.' For form's sake it was necessary that I should inspect a small note-book which had always been kept in his private desk. On one of the pages I found this memorandum:

"'May 12th. Bought to-day a ring which shall be my Rosalie's wedding ring if we are married. That is, if I ever think it just to ask her if she could

love me in that way. I am forty-two—she is eighteen—perhaps—'

"That was the ring he took from among the windings of the curl, and gave me in the cave to place upon the finger of my wife! That told the story of his clouded face!

"Oh could the dead have heard—could the motionless heart have beat—the pale lips have spoken once more, to say 'I forgive you for your greatest joy!' I stretched myself upon the floor in Ralph Norton's silent study and wept as with a broken heart.

"Now, my friend, you know why, day after day, I lay before yonder niche, and, sometimes verily blinded with tears, carved out that cross."

I grasped the hand of my companion without speaking, and then with my own eyes growing wet and dim, knelt down and reverently kissed the letters R. N. For I knew that at that cross I was overshadowed by the memory of a saintly soul, and was filled with such a solemn blessing as streams from the tombs of the martyrs.

SLEIGH-RIDING LONG AGO.

HURRAH for the winter moonlight!
White light on the drifted snow;
Hurrah for the dear up country,
Hurrah for the long ago!
How I shiver and shudder and tremble!
Old! fearfully old, and cold!
But hurrah for the old man's treasures,
The old man's memories of gold!

I remember a winter moonlight
Of exceeding beauty, like this;
When all of the stars together
Sang an audible song of bliss;
When the blue was so deep that my young eyes
Never dreamed of that land of delight,
Which the old, over whom it hangs lower,
Forever imagine in sight!

There are stories of Paradise maidens
That hemp-drunken sons of Islaam
Hear, drowsily murmured by breezes
That rustle the whispering palm.
There are tales of white virgins, whose fingers
Hold goblets of life-giving wine,
Whom the dead, that die bravely in battle,
Shall clasp in embraces divine.

I remember a hazel-eyed woman
Than whom never dream was more fair,
Like a star in a storm gleamed her brow
Through the dark flowing flood of her hair.
How swift flew the horses before us,
How swift flew the passion-winged hours!
No Turk ever dreamed of such houries
As lie in the arms of the Giaours.

Fast, fast went the horses before us!
Fast, fast in the night keen and cold!
If to-night those wild bells sound so clearly
It can't be that I am so old.
Soft, soft, but how warm was the pressure
On mine of her velvety cheek;
Oh, stars! ye have not yet forgotten
That joy, too delicious to speak!

Fast, fast went the horses before us;
Close, close pressed the cheek, soft and warm.
And then—oh, ye stars! through what winters,
What winters of woe and of storm,
What summers and snows ye have kept it,
Her secret and mine, of our bliss,
When her red lips turned joyously, gently,
And blessed my thrilled lips with a kiss!

Hey! Philip, my grandson, stand up here!
Dost ever go sleigh-riding now?
Are there maidens whose lips are like wine cups?
Whose cheeks are like sunsets o'er snow?
Have the hearts of young beauties grown colder?
Are cheeks now forbidden to press?
Are there lips whose soft voices will whisper
Love's latest and sweetest caress?

My lips have grown thin—I am old,
And the current of life runneth slow.
They glide swift as the sleigh-riders drive,
Who travel the road that I go;
But silently, lonesome, and cold,
No bells ringing out on the night,
No cheek against mine, no delicious caress,
Till my hope shall be changed into sight!

The snow-drifts lie deep in the church-yard
Heaped up over head-stone and cross,
While deep, under snow-drift and grave-mound,
And head-stone long covered with moss,
Lies the maiden, whose eyes of soft hazel
Were deep as the depths of the skies;
And the kiss of her lips that once blessed me,
I shall know—when the blessed arise!

My boy when you drive down the valley,
Rein up at the church in the glen;
Go slowly and sacredly by it,
And Phil—do not touch her lips then!
Don't kiss the dear child, but sit quiet,
And press your cheek closely to hers;
Let the horses go gently, and hear you
The psalm of the solemn old firs.

Then up the long hill with a rattle,
Then down the sharp hill with a shout,
Then clasp the glad girl to your bosom,
And kiss her red lips till they pout.
Then tell her the old happy story,
And hear her sweet *Yes* whispered low.
Then hurrah for the white winter moonlight!
Hurrah for the brave *Long Ago!*

Miscellany.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

BUCHON, a personal and political friend of Lafayette, dedicated to Louis Philippe, then Duke of Orleans, a work written by him on our American Constitution. Reflecting afterward that the style of the work might seem too revolutionary in its character, he expressed his fear to the Duke, and proposed to alter it if necessary. "Change nothing," said the Duke. "I acknowledge the whole. I am more of a republican than you are yourself. You forget that I have lived and labored in America. I adore its Constitution; with you it is theory, with me it is practice."

The revolution placed this ardent republican on the throne of France, and in two short years the Liberals were dismissed and proscribed; and even Lafayette found so little of what he had expected in the King, that he felt himself constrained to withdraw from public life, and live in retirement at Lagrange. What feeling Louis Philippe entertained at last for him may be deduced from the following circumstance:

There is a painting in the new gallery of Versailles, by Vinchon, representing the siege of New York, in which Count Rochambeau, as a commander of the French, and General Lafayette of the American troops, appear as prominent figures. While Vinchon was engaged on this painting, an aide-de-camp of Louis Philippe called upon him, and stated that, for particular reasons, the King strongly objected to the introduction of the figure of Lafayette in the picture. Vinchon replied that he entirely disapproved of the political course of Lafayette, but that in a historical representation, sooner than mutilate the subject by leaving out the principal actor, he would resign the work.

Finding Vinchon immovable, he was permitted to finish the painting according to the original design. Five years previous to this event Louis Philippe had declared that he only accepted the crown at the pressing solicitation of Lafayette in the name of the French nation!

CORNISH BRAVERY.

MANY are the records of unassuming bravery contained in the annals of Cornish enthusiasm. When the *Anson* frigate went to pieces, years ago, on the terrible beach of the Loe Bar, near Helston—where, as the people of the neighborhood affirm, the bodies of the drowned, if recovered at all, reappear stripped of their very clothing by the grinding of the rollers on the shingle—the only assistance that could be given was by rushing as far as possible into the surf, and snatching at the bodies as the breakers carried them struggling toward the shore. A poor Methodist teacher, whose name is unrecorded, volunteered for the service. He rode twice into the sea and rescued two sailors, but on the third venture both horse and rider were swept away. A more remarkable story of a few years back only, has met with an unpropitious lot, in our opinion, by falling into the hands of Mr. Carlyle, who has dressed it up as an illustration of heroism; but the fact is true, and the scene was a mine in the neighborhood of Liskeard. Two men, an older and a younger, were at work blasting in a level. Not till the fuse was lit for effecting their purpose, did they discover that the "kiddle," or basket, which was let down to carry them out of danger, was only large enough for one. The elder man, a class teacher, we believe, insisted on his younger companion mounting without him, because, as he said, he had himself assurance of salvation, while his comrade might risk soul as well as body. He crouched down in a corner, and the explosion passed safely over his head. Such a story is far best left to make its impression without rhetorical aid; but the reader may compare, if he will, the terrible narrative in Sir Walter Scott's Journal in the Orkneys, of the three cragsmen suspended by a rope, of which the strands were visibly parting overhead; the topmost man, convinced that it must break with the weight of three, deliberately cut it asunder below himself, and lanched his father and brother into the abyss. —*Quarterly Review.*

DUCKS OF PEOPLE.

THE Siamese spend three-fourths of their existence in the water. Their first act on awakening is to bathe; they bathe again at eleven o'clock; they bathe again at three, and bathe again about sunset; there is scarcely an hour in the day when bathers may not be seen in all the creeks, even the shallowest and muddiest. Boys go to play in the river, just as poor English children go to play in the street. "I once saw a Siamese woman," says a traveler, "sitting on the lowest step of a landing-place, while, by a girdle, she held in the water her infant of a few months old, splashing and kicking about with evident enjoyment. Were not these people expert swimmers many lives would be lost, for the tide flows so swiftly that it needs the greatest skill and care to prevent boats from running foul of one another; and of course they are frequently upset. On one occasion our boat (an English built gig) ran down a small native canoe containing a woman and two little children. In an instant they were all capsized and disappeared. We were greatly alarmed, and C—— was on the point of jumping in to their rescue, when they bobbed up, and the lady, with the first breath she recovered, poured forth a round volley of abuse. Thus relieved in her mind, she coolly righted her canoe—which had been floating bottom upward—ladled out some of the water and bundled in her two children, who had been meanwhile composedly swimming round her, regarding with mingled fear and curiosity the barbarians who had occasioned the mishap."

A COURAGEOUS OLD WOMAN.

HER cow had strayed, and was nowhere to be found in her usual pastures. This gave the good dame considerable anxiety. At last she determined to search for her in the higher valleys. Leaving her cottage early one morning, she rambled on for several hours, and at length found herself far up on the Taganai without coming upon any traces of the fugitive. This was very disheartening—still she would not give up her search. The valley she had entered upon was thickly wooded with pines in many parts; in others there were fine open glades, with clumps of bushes and shrubs, and among these she wended her way from one little plot of grass to another. At last she spied the well-known dark brown hide through some bushes. The old woman thought of the many hours she had been searching for the truant; and stealing softly on, determined to give her sufficient chastisement. When within reach of her birchen staff, the blows fell fast. Up sprang the animal and turned sharp round, when, to the dame's horror, she saw a large brown bear. The two stood staring at each other, apparently with equal astonishment and apprehension, when Bruin, seized with a sudden panic, turned tail and bolted.—*Atkinson's Oriental and Western Siberia.*

CIVILITY IS A FORTUNE.

CIVILITY is a fortune itself, for a courteous man generally succeeds well in life, and that even when persons of ability sometimes fail. The famous Duke of Marlborough is a case in point. It was said of him by one contemporary that his agreeable manners often converted an enemy into a friend; and by another, that it was more pleasing to be denied a favor by his Grace than to receive one from most men. The gracious manner of Charles James Fox preserved him from personal dislike, even at a time when he was politically the most unpopular man in the kingdom. The history of every country is full of such examples of success obtained by civility. The experience of every man furnishes, if we but recall the past, frequent instances where conciliatory manners have made the fortunes of physicians, lawyers, divines, politicians, merchants, and indeed individuals of all pursuits. In being introduced to a stranger, his affability or the reverse creates instantaneously a prepossession in his behalf, or awakens unconsciously a prejudice against him. To men, civility is in fact what beauty is to women; it is a general passport to favor—a letter of recommendation, written in language that every stranger understands. The best of men have often injured themselves by irritability and consequent rudeness, as the greatest of scoundrels have frequently succeeded by their plausible manners. Of two men equal in all other respects, the courteous one has twice the chance for fortune by means of it.

SCOTCH AND MANCHESTER PRUDENCE.

ABOUT sixty or seventy years ago, when the manufacturing trade was in its infancy, several poor Scotchmen settled in Manchester, who ultimately became millionaires, and whose descendants are still connected with the city. We were speaking a short time ago with a very old woman, who knew one of those men in his early struggles. His landlady thought he paid too little for his room, and was determined to raise his rent from 1*s*. 6*d*. to 1*s*. 8*d*. a week. This the Scotchman stoutly resisted, and was resolved to pack up his baggage and begone rather than pay a fraction more than eighteenpence. After gaining this point, he concluded the dispute with this axiom, which ought to be remembered by our young men: "It isn't that I mind so muckle for the odd tuppence; but, ye ken, Betty, it's the breaking into a fresh piece o' siller." We met, ourselves, with a similar illustration of Manchester prudence in connection with our Great Exhibition. "Why did you not take two-guinea tickets for yourself and family?" we asked a gentleman of considerable property; "the guinea investment, you know, does not admit you on the gay promenade days." "Listen to me, young man," he said; "don't talk without thinking. It is not that I care for four two-guinea tickets; but"—dropping his voice as though he wished to impress on me as a secret a new truth—"don't you see, it would have involved a twenty-guinea dress apiece for my wife and two daughters!"

THE LARK AND THE ROOK.

"GOOD-NIGHT, Sir Rook!" said a little Lark,
"The daylight fades, it will soon be dark:
I've bathed my wings in the sun's last ray,
I've sung my hymn to the dying day;
So now I haste to my quiet nook
In yon dewy meadow:—good-night, Sir Rook."

"Good-night, poor Lark!" said his titled friend,
With a haughty toss and a distant bend;
"I also go to my rest profound,
But not to sleep on the cold damp ground;
The fittest place for a bird like me
Is the topmost bough of yon tall pine-tree.

"I opened my eyes at peep of day
And saw you taking your upward way,
Dreaming your fond romantic dreams,
An ugly speck in the sun's bright beams;
Soaring too high to be seen or heard—
And said to myself, What a foolish bird!

"I trod the park with a princely air;
I fill'd my crop with the richest fare;
I caw'd all day 'mid a lordly crew,
And I made more noise in the world than you!
The sun shone full on my ebon wing;
I looked and wondered:—good-night, poor thing!"

"Good-night! once more," said the Lark's sweet voice,
"I see no cause to repent my choice;
You build your nest in the lofty pine,
But is your slumber more soft than mine?
You make more noise in the world than I,
But whose is the sweeter minstrelsy?"

Wayside Gatherings.

OUR LANGUAGE.

DICTIONARY language is something very different not only from common colloquial English, but even from that of ordinary written composition. Instead of about 40,000 words, there is probably no single author in the language from whose works, however voluminous, so many as 10,000 words could be collected. Of the 40,000 words there are certainly many more than one half that are only employed, if they are ever employed at all, on the rarest occasions. We should any of us be surprised to find, if we counted them, with how small a number of words we manage to express all that we have to say, either with our lips or even with the pen. Our common literary English probably hardly extends to 10,000 words; our common spoken English hardly to 5000. And the proportion of native or home-grown words is undoubtedly very much higher in both the 5000 and the 10,000 than it is in the 40,000. Perhaps of the 30,000 words, or thereabouts, standing in the dictionaries, that are very rarely or never used even in writing, between 20,000 and 25,000 may be of French or Latin extraction. If we assume 22,500 to be so, that will leave 5000 Teutonic words in common use; and in our literary English, taken at 10,000 words, those that are non-Roman will thus amount to about a half. Of that half 4000 words may be current in our spoken language, which will therefore be genuine English for four-fifths of its entire extent. It will consist of about 40,000 Gothic, and 1000 Roman words.

A BEGGAR-GIRL TRANSFORMED INTO A COURT DAMSEL.

ONE day a dirty and ragged girl applied for some menial employment at Mr. West's door, and told a tale of suffering and woe, such as greatly interested him, joined as it was with something very striking and prepossessing in the appearance and manner of the girl herself. Mrs. West had her properly washed and decently clothed, and she was occasionally employed about the house. Finding on inquiry that her tale was a true one, Mr. West interested himself on her behalf, and procured for her employment to look after the children of some humble shopkeeper. One day, as the girl was passing a shop-door, two ladies eyed her, and seemed much struck with her appearance. They then suddenly accosted her as follows: "Would you like, my girl, to go abroad with us?" "No," was the immediate answer. "Well, but if you go with us we shall make a fine lady of you." "Oh, very well," replied the girl, "if that is true, I will go at once." Without further delay, arrangements were accordingly made between them. The girl hastened off to Mr. West, and told him of what had passed. Much astonished, and suspecting something wrong toward the poor girl, he entreated her not to act so foolishly; but her mind was made up, and go she would, although at that time she did not even know who the ladies were, nor where she was going. Nothing more was known until about three years had elapsed, when a handsome and apparently accomplished young lady called upon him, who, he found to his astonishment, was the same girl he had succored in the time of her need, and who now told him the following "romance of real life:" She found that her destination was Sweden, and that the two ladies who had accosted her belonged to the Swedish Court. On arriving there, she was appointed to wait upon a near relative of the King, a lady who was subject to mental aberration, and whose practice it was to abuse and strike those in attendance upon her. On one occasion her ill-usage of this girl went beyond her further power of endurance, and she retaliated by seizing the lady by the hair of her head, and dragging her about the apartment until her strength was fairly spent. Dreading the consequences, she at once found means to make known to the King what she had done, and why she had done it. Upon hearing her explanation he commended her, and told her he would befriend her. As the result of the King's notice, she was shortly after sent over to England to receive a finished first-class education; and, when she called upon Mr. West, she expected in a short time to return to the Swedish Court. Most probably she is there now; and, if so, may the Christian advices she received from the man of God preserve her amidst the blandishments and glitter of earthly pomp, and the many temptations which must be presented to one so suddenly and strangely raised from the very depths of poverty to a palace life!—*Life and Journal of the Rev. D. West.*

CAPE TOWN AND THE UNITED STATES SQUADRON.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

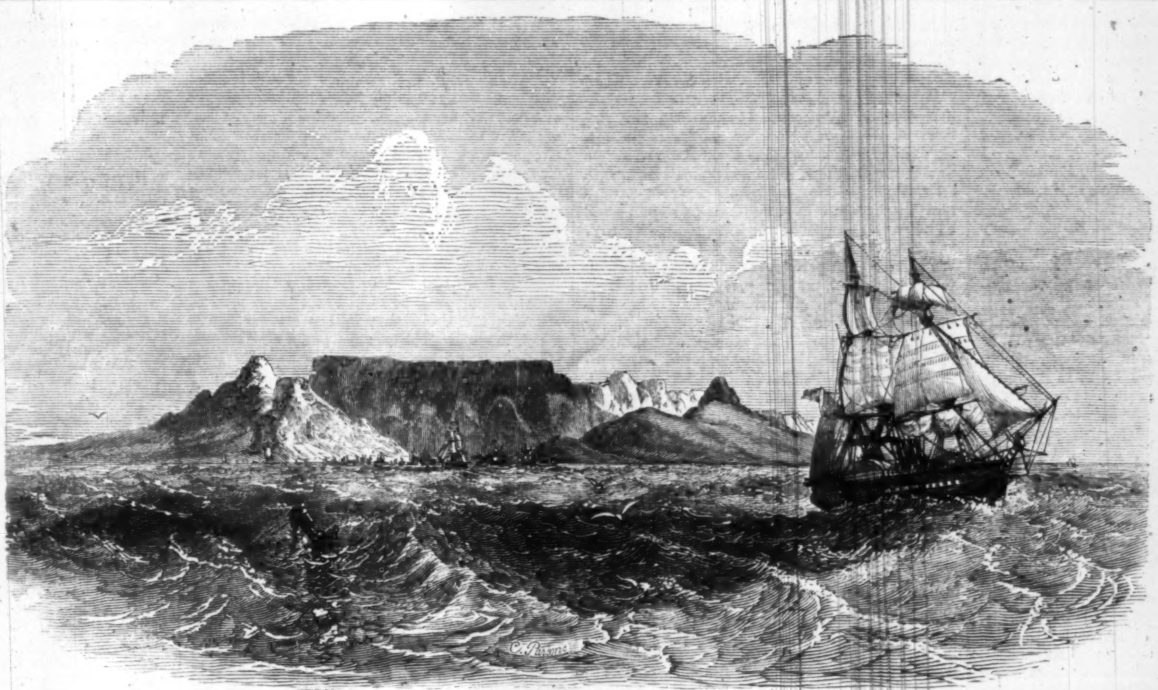
CAPE TOWN, *September* 21, 1857.

WE arrived in sight of the highlands of the Cape of Good Hope Saturday morning, September 7, at daylight; but as a stiff breeze was blowing on shore, and a heavy sea running, we kept off under easy sail until Monday morning, when weather and sea both having moderated, we ran in and dropped our anchor at 11 o'clock A.M.

For a distance of some ten leagues, the high, uneven ridge which forms a coast-range can be seen. The principal guides in this range to the entrance to Cape Town are Table Mountain and Lion's Rump. When first seen from the sea, the resemblance of these points to the objects from which they were named is slight; on approaching land, however, it increases. The scenery upon the whole coast, as far as the eye can extend, is of a most strangely picturesque and romantic character: precipitous sides of the rock, forming strange and fantastic figures; the mist, which partly enveloped them, inspiring the oddest resemblances—suggesting church-spires in the most ridiculous places, or huge fortifications upon Gibraltar-like rocks.

Cape Town is seated in a little indentation in this rocky mass. It can hardly be said to have a harbor; neither is it upon a roadstead, but is slightly protected from the northwesterly gales, which in the winter blow with great violence, rendering the anchorage extremely unsafe, as the nine wrecks upon the beach now show, by a narrow spit of land, upon the end of which is a light. When in the anchorage the bold rocky mass is lost, and fertile hills can be seen, and beautifully green slopes dotted with little glistening white (one or barely two-story high) chimneyless houses; the land in all directions bearing evidences of a high state of cultivation.

The town from the water appears like a long narrow crescentic line of houses upon the beach, behind which rises abruptly the perpendicular dark-brown front of Table Mountain with its flat



VIEW OF TABLE BAY, CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

top, flanked at the right by a much lower range covered with verdure, and bearing a strong resemblance to a couchant lion, from which it derives its name.

The first act which we committed upon setting foot upon the jetty which formed our landing-place, was the involuntary one of protecting with our hands our eyes from the clouds of dust which were flying about so thick as from the very opacity of their particles, to say nothing of the conjunctival irritation they produce, as to render the gratification of the privilege of seeing a rather dangerous one. Fortunately this is the first month of spring, when, they say, the winds and dust are light. In the winter vails are absolutely necessary to protect the eyes.

There is very little either in the style of building or appearance of the streets to characterize Cape Town. The principal thoroughfares resemble those of any other English town, with the exception of the entire absence of sidewalks, and the seldom more than two-story high houses. The streets are well lighted and kept clean, so that the want of sidewalks is not felt. This view of Saint George's Street will give a very good idea of their appearance. In the suburbs many of the houses built by the early Dutch settlers are still standing; while the present prevailing style of architecture is a one-story, stuccoed, neatly-whitewashed house, with a pointed and thatched roof, inclosed by a high brick wall, also perfectly white, and presenting a very pretty contrast to the green groves of oak or fir by which most of them are surrounded.

One very delightful spot in the heart of the town is the Governor's Walk and Botanical Gardens adjoining. The first is a smooth graveled walk of two-thirds of a mile in length, bordered on either side by oaks which form an arch overhead. Facing,

A BUSHWOMAN.

but a short distance from this walk, is the winter-residence of the Governor, in the midst of a delightful park in which running about are ostriches, springboks, an animal resembling our fawns, with many others peculiar to this vicinity.

On the other side of the walk are the Botanical Gardens, open only to subscribers; strangers are always admitted, registering their names upon entering. There does not appear to be in them any thing very rare or strange, yet the grounds are prettily laid out, some neat fountains and shady seats sufficiently inviting to prompt us to spend a long time during a hot day in them.

The Governor's Walk is the promenade of Cape Town. In pleasant weather it is filled with nurses and children, representatives of most of the native tribes of Southern Africa, who lounge about on the benches, and at night it has been the trysting-place of many a lover.

The natives, which one continually meets with in Cape Town, are an exceedingly interesting portion of its inhabitants. The story of their origin, their former independence and power, is that of the North American Indians; their wrongs and oppressions seem a part of the same tale.

Of the origin of these tribes nothing is certain. Various authors have hazarded their conjectures, but every thing seems involved in the deepest obscurity. Of the twenty-three thousand inhabitants at present residing in Cape Town but a very small proportion can represent the early tribes that once owned the whole country. Almost the first authentic information available which relates to them is that given by the early Dutch travelers, who speak in a loose manner of the Hottentot tribes only, and it is thought that from them the Bushmen originated, while the Caffres were of Arabian descent.

But few of the Hottentots are to be seen about Cape Town. They are not many, and mostly reside far in the interior, and are met with at Algoa

A HOTTENTOT.

Bay, at Natal, where they are split up into tribes of Zulus, Fingoes, etc., and at other places in the interior. From the accompanying plates an idea of their primitive huts, mode of life, and dress, and means of subsistence may be seen. Their huts are composed of mud, consisting of one apartment, which is used for every purpose for which a house is supposed to be built. They exert themselves as little as possible, and subsist principally upon the fish which they spear in the streams. Those residing at Algoa Bay are represented as living in rather better style than the others; they are brought more within the range of civilization, put on rather more apparel, and live in huts in which some little taste has been employed in the construction. The Fingoes resemble the others in most respects. They are said to have a particular weakness for ornamentation, covering their fingers, neck, and all parts of their bodies where they will hang, with brass rings and pendants. Mr. Duff, an artist traveling through their country, mentions having seen a juvenile Fingo who had ornamented his head with the tail of a white buck, which as it hung over his forehead formed a striking and pleasing contrast.

The Caffres are entirely different from these. They are much more athletic, darker colored, more powerful, warlike, and in all respects a finer looking race than the Hottentot tribes. It is impossible for them to overcome their proclivity for fighting. The many repulses they have met with from the English seem not to have humbled them in the least. They are still causing the English

A HOTTENTOT WOMAN.

troops a great deal of trouble. A force must be a strong one which dare intrude itself into Caffreland. Here is a sketch of Sandilla, a powerful chief who rendered himself particularly obnoxious to the colonists, but who was finally captured. Their dress consists entirely of skins of the wild animals they have slain. There are at present fifteen of these warriors, which were made prisoners in an engagement a short time since, confined in one of the fortifications in this place. They are taken out daily, and made to work in the stone quarries. As we approached them, several left their work and pressed about us for tobacco, which is now about all they hanker after. Strict confinement, limited diet, and punishments have reduced to submission the most powerful of their tribe.

When taken in war by the English troops they are forwarded to some of the garrisons, where, under strict surveillance, they are made to work and obey. This soon reduces their proud and commanding spirit, and then they are let out to the farmers as servants or slaves. The Caffre tribes are not so strong as formerly; still a force of twelve thousand men is kept on their frontiers, which are the scene of continual skirmishes. A prophet has just arisen among them who commanded that all their oxen should be killed.—When this was done the dead would rise from their graves and assist them in exterminating the English. As a natural consequence, hundreds are dying daily of starvation; many are coming into the settlements to procure work; starvation is doing in a month what the Minié rifles could not do in years.

The Bushmen vary from either of the others, both in size and in appearance. Their habits are also entirely different. They are between four and five feet high, well proportioned, with a copper hue to their dark skin, and features resembling those of the Chinese or Mongolian race. Some writers think them outcasts from the Hottentot tribes, being driven by their misdeeds into the passes of the mountains, where, from being obliged to subsist upon what their arms could procure, they have degenerated to their present condition. Their habits are exceedingly nomadic, wandering from one settlement to another, plundering and driving off

A ZULU GIRL, NATAL.

cattle from those tribes weaker than themselves. They are almost naked, and the small raiment they do possess is of the filthiest kind of common skin or hide—possessing none of the tasteful adornment of person with skins of wild animals which the Caffres take so much pride in. Their instruments of war and the chase are of course proportionably small.

The only tribes met with about Cape Town are the Mozambiques and the Malays, which are all that remain of the old system of Dutch slavery.

There are very few objects of public interest in Cape Town; the Garrisons, the Botanical Gardens, the Reservoir which supplies the town with water,

ZULU FISHERMEN AT WORK.

ST. GEORGE'S STREET, CAPE TOWN.

ZULU HUT, NATAL.

and which is filled by the streams flowing with the purest crystal from Table Mountain; the Public Library and the Museum comprise about all the sights which a person cares to look at—unless it is the view from the top of the mountain, or one of the two delightful rides leading into the country.

The Public Library contains forty-two thousand volumes, and is quite a select and valuable one; a reading-room is attached, which, by the kindness of the librarian, was thrown open at all hours for our service.

The fund for the establishment of this library was raised by a tax upon the wine manufactured in the colony, which is now discontinued—the whole support being derived from private subscription.

Naturalists have been at a good deal of pains to collect specimens of natural history of this part of the world and arrange them in the South African Museum, under the charge of Mr. E. L. Layard, a brother of the celebrated traveler. It consists of two large rooms full of interesting objects, among which are models of the Caffres and Bushmen in their primitive state, and which are the only true representatives of the dress, size, etc., of the originals to be found in this vicinity. There is also a portion of the rude stone cross which was erected by Bartholomew Diaz, a Portuguese, and the first author who has spoken of the southern portion of the African continent under name of Cubo Tormentoso, or Cape of Storms.

Besides this Public Museum are several private ones, called "curiosity shops," kept by Englishmen, whose whole stock in trade consists of skins of lions, tigers, birds, etc., etc., indigenous to the country; together with riding-whips and canes made of the skin or horn of the rhinoceros; the dress, warlike and cooking utensils of Caffres and Bushmen. It is from these shops that many of the lion skins of famous South African hunters are procured, as trophies of skill or success.

Two separate evenings had we prepared our lunch, engaged our guide, and retired early, preparatory to an ascent of Table Mountain the following morning; but, upon rising, the table cloth, or cloud of mist, which frequently covers it, and which entirely precludes the idea of any person attempting to pierce it without danger of a fall of some few thousand feet, was to be seen. On Friday last, however, we succeeded. The evening previous we had attended a ball given in honor of the officers of the *Minnesota*. While returning to the hotel, in the small hours of morning, the clearness of the sky and atmosphere, and entire absence of wind, suggested the morrow as a capital time for making the effort; so our preparations were renewed, and we turned in for a three-hours' sleep. At five o'clock we were wakened, and after a cup of coffee (our guide, in the mean time, having been sent for and arrived), we started at half past six. The distance for a mile and a half from the town is a slight inclined plane, with a good path to walk over; afterward it became more rough, and the ascent more abrupt. We were obliged to walk at one moment over sharp stones, which were exceedingly painful; the next, wade ankle-deep in loose hot sand; then pick our way across mountain streams, which would drop from rock to rock, and form the most delightful water-falls; stepping with the utmost care upon the loose and smoothly-polished stones which composed its bed, occasionally meeting with a ducking or a bruised shin. The banks of these streams were lined with washer-women, hundreds being employed; while with them were their children, of both sexes and all ages, in the garb which Nature provided for them, splashing in the water or gamboling like black sheep upon the oases of turf at its side. It seemed as if the bushes of the surrounding country were hung with clothes, and all the negro washer-women in the colony had come here to wash.

Our task at first was not so severe as to compel us to rest often. Having accomplished half the distance, however, it was impossible to take a dozen consecutive steps without sitting down; the palpitation of our hearts was felt in our throats. It was at this time that the party was obliged to stop, owing to the entire failure of two of the party. A little shelf of rock was found, from which the sun was hidden; a trickling stream of ice-cold water was forming a little pool near us, which, when mixed with some of the brandy our guide brought for just such occasions, so revived our drooping comrades as to encourage them to another effort. Our poles were of the greatest service in leaning upon, and thus resting our legs, as well as steadying our progress, and preventing falls or slides; in many places, with legs, poles, holding on with our hands to the bushes or grass, or the sharp corner of a projecting rock, we could with difficulty make the slightest progress. As we entered the Cloof, or split in the rock, through which our path led, and which was but a few feet wide, with precipitous sides, which at the entrance were nearly two thousand feet high, our path led over loose stones, which formed the bed of some former stream, at an angle of seventy degrees; and even then obstructed by immense masses of rock, around which we were obliged to pass. Our only consolation was the cold water from the crevices in the rocks, near one of which miniature streams we would often stop and rest ourselves.

It was in this manner we progressed, until, after three hours and a half of the most laborious exercise, the top was reached.

The summit of Table Mountain is a plain, the edge of which is a nearly straight line, which fronts toward the town, and which is nearly three miles in extent. From this front is a gradual declination to west and south, with terraces, until the low land of Constantia is reached, and which a horse can ascend without difficulty.

The view from the highest point, thirty-seven hundred feet above the sea, fully repaid our hardships in reaching it. The harbor, with Cape Town and its environs, was at our feet. It seemed as if a biscuit could have been thrown upon the roofs of the houses. The shipping, with the noble *Minnesota* towering above all, and looking large enough to hoist any one of the many ships about her inboard, was right before us. On our right was Paarl, Stellenbosch, and many minor towns and hamlets, clustered beneath us, together with the magnificent vine-growing districts of Nyneberg and Constantia. On our left was the Lion's Rump, and further out, the open sea; when, on turning about, the extremity of the Cape of Good Hope was close by; and, still nearer, False and Simon's bays, with their shipping—these last points being some twenty-five miles distant. The whole panorama could be taken in at a glance; and in extent, diversity, and beauty of scenery, could not be surpassed. We carried an American boat-flag with us, which was soon planted, our little party giving six hearty cheers as the stars and stripes unrolled; then building a fire, the smoke of which should inform our friends of our success, we sat down to a lunch, which our climbing had fully prepared our appetites for, and to which we did the most ample justice. After this was finished we started to explore the plain forming the summit. Two miles from the Cloof, through which we had passed, is a mound twenty feet high, erected by Herschel, to assist him in his observations. This served as our beacon. Our path to it was rough, being obstructed by masses of rock many feet in circumference. In one spot was a beautiful lake, with green banks, and wild flowers growing about it. In fact, wherever a little earthy spot would allow a root-hold, these beautiful wild flowers might be seen. Our guide, an old Malay—a remnant of one of the old Dutch slaves—who had accompanied innumerable parties like our own, but had on this occasion given out when but a short distance from the top, was now seen waving a flag for us to approach. There was little more to be seen that differed from the view we first obtained; so, after taking a last and long look, we commenced our descent.

The return, though not so tiresome, was rather more perilous than the ascent. Our feet would slip from under us upon the long, rank grass, or roll over the smooth stones, sending us many feet below, where a huge rock would interpose, in the most forcible manner, an obstacle to our rapid progress—impressing our bodies with the necessity of proceeding with a great deal of circumspection. However, this was accomplished safely; and in less than three hours we were comfortably in a warm bath at the Masonic Hotel; after which I sat down to the hospitable board of a noble Dutch gentleman—Mr. Hoffmeyer—whose kindnesses to Americans in this port many have appreciated, and which it affords me great pleasure to be able to pay this slight tribute. While enjoying his delightful wine, and listening to his hearty laugh, my fatigue was soon forgotten. In his grounds may be seen a large vineyard, which illustrates very well the mode of growing grapes in the colony. Several varieties of wine are manufactured here—Hock, Madeira, Sherry, and a variety of Port called Pontac—the expense of which wines is less than half a dollar a gallon. The Constantia, however, is a very valuable wine, quite rare, and selling for three dollars a bottle.

On Saturday, September 17, Sir George Grey, Governor of the colony, with Lady Grey, several English army officers, with the foreign consuls residing here, and a party of ladies, visited the *Minnesota*. The good ship never looked better; her appearance, size, armament, and all, elicited universal applause. Upon the departure of the Governor a salute was fired and the yards manned. Each consul, as he left, also received the customary salute.

Mr. Reed has been at the Masonic Hotel during the stay of the *Minnesota*, receiving much attention from the officials of Cape Town. The officers of the *Minnesota* speak in the highest terms of the hospitality of Cape Town. Invitations to balls, dinner-parties, and rides, have flowed in upon them; and they will always look back with pleasure upon the short and happy two weeks in Cape Town. Visitors have crowded their ship, and have always been well received. She is to sail on the 23d for Hong Kong.

OLD HUSBANDS AND YOUNG WIVES.

"I was an old fool! Yes—I was an old fool; that's all there is about it. I ought to have known better; *she* was not to blame, poor thing! she is but a child yet; and these baubles pleased her ambitious mother's eye. It was not the old man, but his *money*—his *money*—I might have known it. May and December—May and December—pshaw! how could I ever have believed that Mary Terry could *love* an old fellow like me?" and Mark Ware surveyed himself in the large parlor mirror.

See!—it reflects a portly old man of sixty, with ruddy face, snow-white hair, and eyes from which the light of youth has long since departed. And yet there is fire in the old man's veins too; see how he strides across the carpet, ejaculating, with fresh emphasis, "Yes, I was an old fool!—an old fool! But I will be kind to her; I'm not the man to tyrannize over a young girl because her mother took her out of the nursery to make her my wife. I see now it is not in reason for a young girl like her to stay contentedly at home with my frosty head and gouty feet. Poor little Mary! No—I'll not punish her because she can not love me; she shall have what she wants, and go where she likes; her mother is only too proud to trot her out, as the wife of the rich Mark Ware. If that will make them both happy, let them do it; maybe"—and Mark Ware paused—"maybe, after she has seen what that Dead Sea apple—the world—is made of, she will come back and love the old man a little—maybe—who knows? No woman who is believed in, and well treated, ever makes a bad wife; there never was a bad wife yet, but there was a bad husband *first*; that's gospel—Mark's gospel, anyhow, and Mark Ware is going to act upon it. Mary shall go to the ball to-night with her mother, and I will stay at home and nurse my patience and my gouty leg. There's no evil in her; she's as pure as a lily, and if she wants to see the world, why—she shall see it; and though I can't go dancing round with her, I never will dim her bright eyes—no—no!"

"That will do, Tiffy; another pin in this lace; now move that rose in my hair a little to the left; so—that will do."

"That will *do!*" Tame praise for that small Grecian head, with its crown of braided tresses; for the full, round throat, and snowy, sloping shoulders; for the round, ivory arms, and tapering, rose-tipped fingers; for the lovely bosom and dainty waist. Well might such beauty dazzle Mark Ware's eyes, till he failed to discern the distance between May and December.

Mark Ware had rightly read Mary. She was guileless and pure, as he had said; and, child as she was, there was that in her manner before which the most audacious eye would have shrunk abashed.

When the young bride first realized the import of those words she had been made to utter, "till death do us part," she looked forward with shuddering horror at the long, monotonous, weary years before her. Her home seemed a prison, and Mark Ware the keeper. Its very splendor oppressed her. And she chafed and fretted in her gilded fetters, while her restless heart cried out, "Any where but home!" Must she sit there in her prison-house, day after day, listening only to the repinings of her own troubled heart? Must the bee and the butterfly only be free to revel in the bright sunshine? Had God made her beauty to fade in the stifling atmosphere of darkened parlors, listening to the complaints of querulous old age? Every pulse of her heart rebelled. How could her mother have thus sold her? How could Mark Ware have so unmagnanimously accepted the compulsory sacrifice? Why not have shown her the world, and let her choose for herself? Oh, any where, any where, from such a home!

There was no lack of invitations abroad; for Mary had flashed across the fashionable horizon like some bright comet, eclipsing all the reigning beauties. No ball, no party, no dinner, was thought a success without her. Night after night found her *en route* to some gay assemblage. To her own astonishment and her foolish mother's delight, her husband never remonstrated—on the contrary, she often found upon her dressing-table some choice little ornament which he had provided for the occasion; and Mary, as she fastened it in her hair, or bosom, would say, bitterly, "He is anxious that I, like the other appendages of his establishment, should reflect credit on his faultless taste!"

Mistaken Mary!

Time passed on. Mark Ware *was* "patient," as he promised himself to be. His evenings were not so lonely now, for his little babe kept him company; the reprieved nurse, only too glad to escape to her pink ribbons and a "chat with John at the back gate." It was a pretty sight—Mark and the babe! Old age and infancy are always a touching sight together. Not a smile or a cloud passed over that little face that did not wake up all the father in Mark Ware's heart; and he paced the room with it, or rocked it to sleep on his breast, talking to it, as if it could understand the strong, deep love of which it was the unconscious object.

"I am weary of all this," said Mark's young wife, as she stepped into her carriage, at the close of a brilliant ball. "I am weary of seeing the same faces, and hearing the same stupid nonsense, night after night. I wonder shall I *ever* be happy? I wonder shall I ever *love* any thing, or any body? Mamma is proud of me, because I am beautiful and rich, but she does not *love* me. Mark is proud of me"—and Mary's pretty lip curled scornfully. "Life is so weary, and I am only eighteen!" and Mary sighed heavily.

On whirled the carriage through the deserted streets; deserted—save by some inveterate pleasure-seeker like herself, from whom pleasure forever flees. Occasionally a lamp twinkled from some upper window, where a half-starved seamstress sat stitching her life away, or a heart-broken mother bent over the dead form of a babe, which her mother's heart could ill spare, although she knew not where to find bread for the remaining babes who wept beside her. Now and then a woman, lost to all that makes woman lovely, flaunted under the flickering street-lamps, while her mocking laugh rang out on the night air. Mary shuddered, and drew back—there was that in its hollowness which might make even devils tremble. Overhead the sentinel stars kept their tireless watch, and Mary's heart grew soft under their gentle influence, and tears stole from beneath her lashes, and lay like pearls upon her bosom.

"You need not wait to undress me," said Mary to the weary-looking waiting-maid, as she averted her swollen eyes from her gaze; and, taking the lamp from her hand, Mary passed up to her chamber. So noiseless was the fall of her light foot upon the carpet that Mark did not know she had entered. He sat with his back to the door, bending over the cradle of his child, till his snow-white locks rested on its rosy cheeks; talking to it, as was his wont, to beguile his loneliness.

"Mary's forehead—Mary's eyes—Mary's mouth; no more like your old father than a rose-bud is like a chestnut-burr. *You* will love the lonely old man, little one; and perhaps *she* will, by-and-by; who knows?" and Mark's voice trembled.

"She will!—she does!" said Mary, dropping on her knees at the cradle of her child, and burying her face in Mark's hands; "my noble, patient husband!"

"You don't mean that?" said Mark, holding her off at arm's-length, and looking at her through a mist of tears; "you don't mean that you will love an old fellow like me? God bless you, Mary—God forever bless you? I have been very—very lonely," and Mark wept for sheer happiness.

The gaping world, the far-sighted world, the charitable world, shook its wise head, when the star of fashion became a fixed star. Some said "her health must be failing;" others, that "her husband had become jealous at last;" while old stagers maliciously insinuated that it was wise to retire on *fresh* laurels. But none said—what *we* say—that a true woman's heart may always be won—ay, and kept, too—by any husband who does not consider it beneath him to step off the pedestal of his "*dignity*" to learn how.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

AN English journalist, speaking of India, says: "It is really believed that a territory of nearly 2000 miles square, inhabited by myriads of semi-civilized subjects, can be held in subjection by 50,000 or 100,000 Europeans, in defiance of chronic disaffection, habitual fear, and the despairing disloyalty induced by imperious domination."

The food, water, and air which a man receives amount in the aggregate to more than 3000 pounds a year; that is, about a ton and a half, or more than twenty times his weight. This enormous quantity may well attract our attention to the expenditure of material required for supporting life. A living being is the result and representation of change on a prodigious scale.

At the annual fair of the New York State Agricultural Society there were, according to a veracious reporter, squashes that weighed 165 pounds, and cabbages that could not be contained in a flour barrel; also turnips and beets three to a half bushel. What awful price would a city grocer, or huckster, place upon such Brobdignagian vegetables!

The English papers give an account of a successful resort to the process of transfusion, recently made in Staffordshire. A woman lay at the point of death, when transfusion was suggested and adopted. Seventeen ounces of blood were injected from the veins of her husband into her veins, and she immediately afterward brightened up and pronounced herself "better." The French faculty have made frequent applications of this process, but rarely with complete success. We believe it has never been tried but two or three times in this country. Generally, the blood of a healthy domestic animal has been employed. Transfusion was in the mind of the tyrant-monarch who, to prolong his wretched life, took a daily bath in the warm blood of young people slaughtered for the occasion.

The general opinion is that men have physically degenerated since the early ages of the world. But all the facts and circumstances which can be brought forward on this subject tend to show that the human form has not degenerated, and that men of the present age are of the same stature as at the beginning of the world. Thus, all the remains of the human body, the bones, and particularly the teeth, which have been found unchanged in the most ancient urns and burial-places, demonstrate this point clearly. The oldest coffin in the world is that found in the great pyramid of Egypt; and this sarcophagus hardly exceeds the size of our ordinary coffin, being six feet and a half long. That we are not degenerating from the effects of civilization is clear, because the savages do not exceed us in height.

It may seem strange, but it is a fact, that men generally are much more afraid of women, than women are of men; and fearing to "break the ice" is a fruitful cause of old bachelorism.

An old plain-looking and plain-spoken Dutch farmer from the vicinity of the Heidelburg, in pursuit of dinner the other day, dropped in at a restaurant. Taking a seat alongside of a dandy-issimo sort of a fellow—all perfume, mustaches, and shirt collar—our honest Mynheer ordered up his dinner.

"What will it be, Sir?" asked white apron.

"You got corned beef, hey?" says Dutchy.

"Yes."

"You got sour-crout, too, hey?"

"Oh, yes."

"Vell, give me some both."

Off started white apron on a keen jump, and presently returned with the desired fodder. The sour-crout was smoking hot, and sent forth its peculiar flavor, evidently satisfactory to Mynheer's nasal organ and *vice versa* to that of our dandy friend, and Mynheer was about commencing an attack upon it, when he exclaimed:

"I—a—say, my friend, a—are you going to eat that stuff?"

Mynheer turned slowly around, and looking at his interrogator with astonishment, says he,

"Eat it, vy of course, I eats it."

"Well," said the dandy, "I—a—would as lief devour a plate of guano!"

"Ah, vell," replied Mynheer, pitching into the sour-crout with an evident relish, "dat depends altogether on how von was prought up."

Dandy looked kinder caved in, and we left with the opinion that Dutchy was one ahead.

At the time when Frederick Moul was engaged in translating Libanius, a servant came to tell him that his wife, who had been long in a declining state, was very ill, and wished to speak to him.

"Stop a minute—stop a minute!" said he; "I have but two sentences to finish, and then I will be with her directly."

Another messenger came to announce that she was at the last gasp.

"I have but two words to do," answered he, "and then I'll fly to her."

A moment after word was brought to him that she had expired.

"Alas! I'm very sorry for it," exclaimed the tranquil husband. "She was the best wife in the world."

Having uttered this brief funeral oration, he went on with his work.

An infanticide case happened in New York last week, when the doctor who conducted the post-mortem examination "failed to discover whether or not the child was living at the time of its death."

It is a custom in Berwickshire, Scotland, among women workers in the field, when their backs become much tired by bowing low down, while singling turnips with short-shanked hoes, to lie down, their faces upon the ground, allowing others to step across the lower part of their backs, on the lumbar region, with one foot, several times, until all pain of fatigue is removed. Burton, in his "First Footsteps in Africa," narrates a very similar custom in females who lead the camels, on feeling fatigued, and who "lie at full length, prone, stand upon each other's backs, trampling and kneading with their toes, and rise like giants refreshed." This custom is called "jogsi," in Africa; in Scotland it is termed "straightening the back."

Sailors are often shipped without knowing where they are going, or any thing about it. A black cook having been shipped in this way, he ventured to ask to what part of the world they proposed taking him. "Oh, hold yer tongue," said the shipping agent, another gentleman of color; "yer too inquisitive altogeder; you'll be trying to find out what der cap'n's name is next."

"Come, get up—you've been in bed long enough," as the gardener said when he was pulling up carrots to send to market.

An enlightened agriculturist out West thinks the best way to make farmers grow madder, is to poke 'em with sharp sticks!

When a certain bankrupt crossed the English Channel to avoid his creditors, George Selwyn remarked, it was a *pass over* which would not be relished by the Jews.

A Yankee editor says that he like to have died larfin, to see a drinkin' chap tryin' to pocket the shadow of a swinging sign for a pocket handkerchief.

The man who was "moved to tears" complains of the dampness of the premises, and wishes to be moved back again.

Kitchen girls are now termed "young ladies of the other parlor."

An Irishman says that a coffin is the house a man lives in when he is dead.

"Papa, what does the editor lick the Price Current with?" "Whip it! he don't whip it, my child." "Well, this 'ere paper says, 'Price Current carefully corrected,' —and when I gets corrected I gets licked, hey! don't I?" "Nuff ced, my son."

(*Lady reads legislative proceedings.*) "On motion of Mr. Smith, the ladies were admitted to a seat on the floor of the house." (*Indignant lady hearer.*) "A seat on the floor, indeed. The brutes! I should think the State had better buy chairs, instead of treating the Legislature to wine parties on Blackwell's Island. I wouldn't sit on the floor to oblige the Legislature, nor the Governor himself, I know."

Had Tully himself pronounced one of his orations with a blanket around his shoulders, more people would have laughed at his dress than would have admired his eloquence.

"Come in, Joe, and let's take a drink." "No, Thomas, can't afford it." "But, Joe, I'll pay for it." "Oh, I am not speaking of loss of money, Thomas, but of loss of health and energy, moral principle, character, peace of mind, and self-respect."

There is a little fellow of our acquaintance, not yet in breeches, and just able to toddle after a hoop—not that which his mother wears, for he has declared his independence of her, as Young America should—his first hoop. When the hoop was bought for him, a stick wherewith to drive it—other folks than hoops have to be driven with sticks sometimes—was also purchased; but the other day the young gentleman was observed in close pursuit of his hoop, which was running away from a rough slip of pine-wood with which he was chastising it. He was asked what he had done with his proper stick, and he replied that he had put that away to "thave it." "But," said his interlocutor, "your hoop will be worn out, and the stick will be left." "Yeth, I know that, too; but when I buy a new hoop, I won't have to buy a new thick, too," replied the young financier in petticoats. That youngster, when time shall make him an oldster, won't be caught napping by crises and panics; he'll be forearmed.

A housemaid, who was sent to call a gentleman to dinner, found him engaged in using a tooth-brush. "Well, is he coming?" said the lady of the house, as the servant returned. "Yes, ma'am, directly," was the reply; "he's just sharpening his teeth."

Uncle Isaac was a great stickler for grammar. He always stuck to it that the adjective *good* admitted of no degrees of comparison; "for," said he, "what is good is good, and good is good enough." One day brother Jake was reading aloud the adventures of an unlucky and not remarkably bright youth. When he came to the sentence, "Long ere Joe returned," Uncle Ike suddenly interrupted him, for the seventeenth time. "Tut, boy! that's very bad grammar—read correctly—*long-car'd!* —there is no such compound adjective as 'long car.'"

An anecdote is related of a young preacher at a church in this city, who had for his text a verse from the parable of the Ten Virgins; and in the course of his sermon explained, "That in old time it was customary, when the bridegroom and groom were coming, for ten virgins to go out and meet them, and escort them home—five of these virgins being male, and five female."

Lord Shaftesbury says that he would be virtuous for his own sake, though nobody were to know it; as he would be clean for his own sake, though nobody were to see him.

BILL ROPEYARN'S DITTY.

I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled
Around the forehatch, that dinner was nigh;
And I said, "If there's any thing good in this world,
It is made in our mess, and they call it 'sea-pie.'"

'Twas twelve—and the boatswain was ordered to "pipe,"
His mates they stand ready to answer and bawl;
The grog-tub is out, and the line stretched along—
Each tar is awaiting the sound of the "call."

By the side of yon grog-tub how sweet 'tis to stand,
And list to and catch the dear sound of your name!
But oh! how much sweeter when the pot's in your hand,
You drink, and you're off some sea-pie to claim!

"And thus, in a snug man-o'-war," did I say,
"With a cook to attend me, and make me sea-pie,
With my half-pint of whisky to drink every day—
How sweet could I live, and how calm could I die!"

"You and I are much alike," said the beggar to the banker. "How so?" "We both contrive to live on the labor of others." "But I carry on a lawful business for a living," said the banker. "So do I," said the beggar; "but there is this difference: I get the property of others with their consent—you get their property without their consent."

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, January* 4, 1858.

THE recurrence of New Year's Day has limited the business week to five days. The Wholesale Produce Markets have been devoid of animation. Breadstuffs have been but moderately inquired for, chiefly by home dealers, and prices have favored buyers....Cotton opened very heavily. Toward the close a better demand set in, yet prices did not improve....Provisions were somewhat freely dealt in at irregular rates....Groceries were quiet at unchanged figures....The Dry Goods trade continues very dull, most parties are engaged in taking stock and preparing for annual settlements. Prices are generally nominal....The movements in other commodities were moderate and unproductive of any remarkable alterations....We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Ordinary to extra State Flour, per bbl.	$4 20	@	$4 65
Superfine to fancy Western do. "	4 25	@	4 45
Extra Western Flour, per barrel	4 45	@	7 00
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel	4 35	@	7 00
Extra Canadian, per barrel	4 25	@	6 00
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel	4 50	@	7 00
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl.	3 00	@	4 00
Corn Meal, per barrel	3 20	@	3 60
White Wheat, per bushel	1 10	@	1 40
Red Wheat, per bushel	88	@	1 18
New Crop Corn, per bushel	57	@	62
Rye, per bushel	72	@	73
Barley, per bushel	60	@	75
Western Oats, per bushel	44	@	45
State Oats, per bushel	43	@	44
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel	33	@	37
Southern Oats, per bushel	28	@	32
Cotton, middlings, per pound	9	@	9½
Mess Pork, per barrel	15 40	@	15 90
Prime Pork, per barrel	13 00	@	13 25
Country Mess Beef, per barrel	9 00	@	10 00
Country Prime Beef, per barrel	5 75	@	6 50
Prime Mess Beef, per tierce	18 00	@	23 00
Beef Hams, per barrel	14 00	@	15 50
Cut Meats, per pound	6	@	8½
Lard, per pound	8½	@	9½
State Butter, per pound	14	@	25
Western Butter, per pound	11	@	17½
Cheese, per pound	6½	@	8
Rice, per 100 pounds	2 50	@	3 62½
Rio Coffee, per pound	8½	@	10½
Cuba Sugar, per pound	5½	@	7½
Cuba Molasses, per gallon	17	@	25
Hyson Teas, per pound	25	@	55
Oolong Teas, per pound	30	@	50
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	21½	@	22
[illegible] Hay, per 100 pounds	55	@	75

Stock of several Articles on hand, in New York, about January 1.

	1857.	1858.
Ashes, barrels	—	1,652
Coffee, packages	102,049	127,297
Cotton, bales	70,177	13,312
Dry Codfish, quintals	20,000	9,500
Mackerel, barrels	5,100	2,350
Pickled Salmon, packages	350	400
Pickled Herring, barrels	3,000	8,600
Smoked Herring, boxes	20,000	31,000
Wheat Flour, barrels	398,100	603,150
Wheat, bushels	531,650	389,000
Corn, bushels	1,967,500	97,000
Raisins, boxes	—	50,000
Hemp, tons	—	550
Hemp, bales	15,937	22,175
Hides, number	6,076	377,108
Lead, tons	—	5,000
Leather, Sole, sides	27,200	357,600
Molasses, hogsheads	1,798	4,613
Molasses, barrels	100	4,512
Turpentine, Crude, barrels	8,000	4,000
Turpentine, Spirits, barrels	8,500	6,000
Tar, barrels	unknown.	2,000
Rosin, Common, barrels	unknown.	12,000
Pork, barrels	13,046	10,558
Beef, tierces and barrels	19,488	39,144
Rice, tierces	—	3,500
Pimento, bags	—	10,000
Sugars, hogsheads	10,476	16,076
Sugars, bags	none.	1,400
Sugars, boxes	19,931	8,698
Tobacco, Crude, hogsheads	5,747	4,644
Tobacco, Crude, bales	3,650	8,797

Freights were quiet, and rates were essentially unaltered. The number of vessels of all classes in port on Saturday was 691.

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were scantily supplied with Beeves, and these advanced, though they were not in active request....Milch Cows have been less abundant and lightly dealt in at unchanged prices.... Veal Calves were in limited supply and demand at former rates. One very extra calf, raised by G. Preston, of Dover, N. Y., weighing 830 pounds, sold to M. Foley for $70, or 8½ c. for live weight. He was nine months old, and a splendid specimen....Sheep and Lambs were abundant, and selling slowly at languid quotations.... Swine were less freely offered and purchased. Prices tended downward. The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compare thus:

	Week ending Dec. 23.	Week ending Dec. 30.
Beeves	2,497	1,672
Milch Cows	288	161
Veal Calves	480	310
Sheep and Lambs	8,368	8,319
Swine	2,565	2,047

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were received from

New York	923	New Jersey	12
Ohio	111		

The total receipts of Live Stock at all the City Markets, including those retailed at Bergen, N. J., from the City Markets, during each of the last two years, were as follows:

	1856.	1857.
Beeves	187,057	162,748
Milch Cows	12,857	13,074
Veal Calves	43,081	33,479
Sheep and Lambs	462,739	446,229
Swine	340,911	367,028

The following table shows the average number of all kinds of Live Stock brought to the city per week in

	Beeves.	Cows.	Veals.	Sheep	Swine.	Total.
1854	3,257	253	1,315	10,682	4,852	20,359
1855	3,565	238	922	11,322	6,117	22,067
1856	3,597	247	828	8,898	6,650	20,224
1857	3,110	252	644	8,575	7,039	19,620

The range of prices, according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to premium Beeves, per pound	$0 8	@	$0 12
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head	20 00	@	65 00
Veal Calves, per pound	3	@	7
Sheep and Lambs, per head	3 00	@	15 00
" " per pound	6	@	9
Live Swine, per pound	4½	@	5½
Dressed " "	6½	@	7½

The Country Produce Markets have generally been well supplied, and prices have not varied much. The demand has been good for Poultry, and moderate for other articles.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, per barrel	$2 50	@	$5 00
Apples, dried, per pound	6½	@	8
Peaches, dried, per pound	18	@	20
Hickory Nuts, per bushel	2 00	@	—
Chestnuts, per bushel	2 00	@	2 25
Peanuts, per bushel	70	@	1 00
Cranberries, per barrel	7 00	@	9 50
Potatoes, per barrel	1 75	@	3 75
" per bushel	85	@	90
" sweet, per barrel	3 50	@	4 50
Onions, per barrel	1 37½	@	3 00
Turnips, per barrel	50	@	75
Squashes, per barrel	2 25	@	2 50
Pumpkins, per 100	25 00	@	30 00
Beets, per barrel	—	@	1 50
Cabbages, per 100	2 50	@	4 00
" Red, per dozen	62	@	87
Parsnips, per barrel	1 25	@	1 50
Carrots, per barrel	—	@	1 50
Leeks, per 100	3 50	@	4 00
Celery, per dozen	50	@	1 00
Garlic, per 100	5 00	@	5 50
Eggs, Limed, per dozen	17½	@	18½
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen	23	@	—
Chickens, per pound	8	@	12
Fowls, per pound	6	@	12
Guinea Fowl, per pair	53	@	62
Ducks, per pound	10	@	13
" per pair	25	@	3 00
Turkeys, per pound	8	@	14
Turkeys, Wild, each	4 00	@	6 00
Geese, per pound	7	@	11
Pigeons, per dozen	1 25	@	1 65
Prairie Hens, per pair	1 00	@	—
Partridge, per pair	60	@	75
Roasting Pigs	1 25	@	2 25
Rabbits, each	10	@	15
Hares, each	10	@	15
Squirrels, each	3	@	4
Venison, per pound	8	@	13
Bear Meat, per pound	12	@	16

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday, Jan.* 4, 1858.

THE year opened on a depressed state of trade. Though less is heard about failures than was the case two months ago, it is believed that the instances of mercantile defaults are nearly as frequent now as then; all branches of trade are suffering from a most severe and trying pressure, and all articles of commerce have undergone, and are still undergoing, a ruinous depreciation. On the other hand money abounds in Bank; it is believed that the amount of specie in the New York City Banks does not fall short of twenty-nine millions. First-class paper is in demand at the lowest rates, and loans on call can be had on approved, and even on railroad securities, at 5 per cent. The imports continue to fall off; and there remains in the country a large quantity of produce to come forward.

The foreign trade of the port for the week compares as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Jan. 2, 1858	$1,303,717	$750,621
Corresponding week, 1857	1,900,637	1,249,773
Decrease	$596,920	$499,152

The export of specie for the week slightly exceeded half a million, the bulk of which was sent to Boston for shipment. The *Persia*, on Wednesday, will probably take over two millions.

Considerable excitement has been created by the defaults of several railroad companies on 1st January. That of the Michigan Central—which corporation had some $260,000 of debt falling due on the 1st.—has created the most surprise, as the concern was reputed highly trustworthy. Were it not for these accidents, stocks would have risen considerably on the opening of the year.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE BOSTON JOURNAL
FOR 1858.

"THE FAVORITE PAPER OF NEW ENGLAND."

PUBLISHED DAILY, SEMI-WEEKLY, AND WEEKLY.

In announcing the terms for the BOSTON JOURNAL for 1858, the proprietor does not deem it necessary to describe its peculiar characteristics as a popular newspaper, or to make any special promises for the future. He deems it sufficient to say, that what THE JOURNAL has been in the *past* it will be in the *future*. By the almost unanimous consent of its contemporaries throughout New England, THE JOURNAL stands at the head of the New England Press in all those qualities which go to make up a reliable, enterprising, *live newspaper*. This position it has attained by pursuing a steady, straight-forward course in all respects, and by sparing neither labor or money to give the latest intelligence and the fullest reports of all matters of interest at the earliest moment. It has relied upon its own merits, and not upon the representations of canvassers or "drummers" to gain for it the confidence and patronage of the Public—and the result has been that IT HAS NOW A CIRCULATION MORE THAN DOUBLE THAT OF ANY PAPER OF ITS CLASS IN NEW ENGLAND—and at no previous time has its circulation increased more rapidly than during the past six months. The proprietor intends by the employment of experienced and competent men in all the departments of the establishment, and by the most liberal outlay of money in the procuring of important news from all quarters, to make THE JOURNAL still more worthy the name of "*the favorite paper of New England*." And with this simple announcement he invites the attention of newspaper readers and newspaper dealers throughout New England to the following statement of the terms for the several editions of THE JOURNAL:

THE BOSTON DAILY JOURNAL,
MORNING AND EVENING,

Contains the latest news received by the mails and telegraph up to the hour of going to press. It is printed on the ONLY SIX-CYLINDER FAST PRESS in New England, which enables us to hold back the forms until the very latest moment, and still work off the edition in season for the mails and expresses. It is published at the low rate of

SIX DOLLARS A YEAR; SINGLE COPIES TWO CENTS.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY JOURNAL,
TUESDAY AND FRIDAY MORNINGS,

Contains all the reading matter published in THE DAILY JOURNAL for the three days preceding—averaging from *thirty-one to thirty-two full columns*. The subscription price of the Semi-Weekly Journal is

THREE DOLLARS A YEAR.

TO CLUBS.

Five copies, one year..TWELVE DOLLARS FIFTY CENTS.
Ten copies, one year..............TWENTY DOLLARS.

THE WEEKLY JOURNAL,
PUBLISHED ON THURSDAY MORNING,

Contains thirty columns of reading matter, prepared especially for its columns, and embraces all the news of interest for the week. It is furnished at the following very low rates:

One copy, one year...............TWO DOLLARS.
Two copies, one year...........THREE DOLLARS.
Five copies, one year...............SIX DOLLARS.
Ten copies, one year...............TEN DOLLARS,
And one to getter up of club.
Twenty copies, one year........TWENTY DOLLARS,
And two to getter up of club.

JOURNAL FOR CALIFORNIA.
SIX AND A QUARTER CENTS A COPY.

AS AN ADVERTISING MEDIUM,

The Journal has no equal in New England. Its prices are uniform, and the Advertisements are set up in a clear and conspicuous manner, judiciously arranged, and classified under appropriate heads, and appear in both the MORNING and EVENING papers without extra charge.

ITS CIRCULATION

Is more than double that of any "two-cent" or subscription paper in New England. The public are reminded that NO DRUMMERS FOR ADVERTISING are ever employed by this establishment.

THE CASH PRINCIPLE.

In all cases the "cash principle" will be adhered to, and no notice will be taken of any orders not accompanied by the money. All papers are discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.

☞ THE JOURNAL is for sale at all the Newspaper Depots, and on all the Railroads throughout New England. All orders should be addressed to

CHARLES O. ROGERS,
JOURNAL BUILDING,
No. 12 STATE STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

WILL CLOSE, Saturday next, JANUARY 9. EXHIBITION OF FRENCH PAINTINGS, ART UNION ROOMS, No. 497 BROADWAY. Open from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m., and 7 to 10 in the evening.

CLOAKS!
CLOAKS!!
CLOAKS!!!

BRODIE'S
CELEBRATED CLOAKS
ARE NOW
STILL FURTHER REDUCED IN PRICE,
IN ORDER TO
CLEAR OUT
HIS
ENTIRE STOCK,
IF POSSIBLE,
DURING THE HOLIDAYS.
WONDERFUL BARGAINS!
No. 300 CANAL STREET, N. Y.

BAYARD TAYLOR'S NEW BOOK!
"NORTHERN TRAVEL."
THE MOST ATTRACTIVE OF HIS WORKS!
SUMMER AND WINTER PICTURES OF
SWEDEN, LAPLAND, and NORWAY.
12mo. $1 25.

Now ready at all Booksellers.

Sent, post-paid, on receipt of the price.

G. P. PUTNAM, Publisher,
321 Broadway.

⁂ BAYARD TAYLOR'S TRAVELS Complete in 6 volumes, $8 00.

SUBSCRIBERS TO
IRVING'S WASHINGTON,

Who have not yet been supplied by Local Agents, can have any volume, post-free (FOUR ARE COMPLETED), by sending the money direct to the publisher.

OCTAVO EDITION, $2 00 per volume, cloth.

DUODECIMO EDITION, $1 50 per vol., cloth.

ILLUSTRATED EDITION (36 Nos. published), 25 cents each.

Now is the time to complete sets.

G. P. PUTNAM, Publisher,
321 Broadway, New York.

THE TWO TREES OF KNOWLEDGE.

When Satan from the Tree of Knowledge,
That earliest sample of a college,
Offered with more of craft than kindness,
T' enlighten human nature's blindness,
Poor Eve, athirst for information,
Sold, to acquire it, all creation;
A horrid swindle, as we know,
Considering the *quid pro quo*.

But we've a better institution,
For wisdom's general distribution;
A bookstore, where rings, bracelets, brooches,
Gold pencils, lockets, guard-chains, watches,
Are with the works you purchase proffered,
Bright gifts on Learning's Altar offered.
This temple, to the whole world free,
Is in Broadway, TWO NINETY-THREE.

N. B.—Catalogues sent to any one on application.
A. RANNEY, AGT.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA.—This pleasant, simple, and most efficacious vegetable remedy for purifying the blood, and the cure of scrofulous and cutaneous diseases may be taken this season with the greatest benefit by every one. The only caution necessary to be used is to obtain the original and genuine article.

Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, 100 Fulton Street, New York.

INCREASED ATTRACTIONS!

BULWER, THACKERAY, CHARLES READE, MRS. GASKELL, AND WILKIE COLLINS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

MR. THACKERAY'S NEW NOVEL, "THE VIRGINIANS," with many humorous Illustrations by the Author, was commenced in the DECEMBER Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. It is printed from early sheets —received from the Author in advance of publication in England—for which the Publishers pay Mr. Thackeray the sum of Two Thousand Dollars.

MR. CHARLES READE'S NEW STORY, entitled "JACK OF ALL TRADES—A MATTER OF FACT ROMANCE," written exclusively for HARPER'S MAGAZINE, was also commenced in the December Number.

MRS. GASKELL, Author of "MARY BARTON," has become a contributor to HARPER'S MAGAZINE, and a thrilling story from her vigorous pen will be found in the January Number.

MR. WILKIE COLLINS'S POWERFUL TALE, entitled "THE MARRIAGE TRAGEDY," will appear complete in the February Number.

The above three stories are written exclusively for HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,
A FIRST-CLASS ILLUSTRATED PAPER.
THE BEST AND CHEAPEST
FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.

FIVE CENTS A NUMBER: $2 50 A YEAR.

BULWER'S BRILLIANT ROMANCE, entitled "WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?" pronounced to be the masterpiece of this polished, witty, and learned novelist, by special arrangement with the Author, appears in HARPER'S WEEKLY simultaneously with its publication in England.

TERMS OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

One Copy for One Year $3 00
Two Copies for One Year 5 00
Three or more Copies for One Year (each) 2 00

And an Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS.

TERMS OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.

One Copy for Twenty Weeks $1 00
One Copy for One Year 2 50
One Copy for Two Years 4 00
Five Copies for One Year 9 00
Twelve Copies for One Year 20 00
Twenty-five Copies for One Year . . . 40 00

An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TWELVE *or* TWENTY-FIVE SUBSCRIBERS.

Volume I. of "HARPER'S WEEKLY," handsomely bound in Cloth extra, Price $3 00, is now ready.

Muslin Covers are furnished to those who wish their Numbers bound, at Fifty Cents each. TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT. DISCOUNT allowed to Bookbinders and the Trade.

"HARPER'S MAGAZINE" and "HARPER'S WEEKLY," when taken together, are supplied at FOUR DOLLARS a year.

Numbers from the commencement of both the MAGAZINE and WEEKLY can still be supplied. Specimen copies furnished gatuitously. Clergymen and Teachers supplied at the lowest Club rates.

The Postage upon "HARPER'S MAGAZINE" and "HARPER'S WEEKLY" must be paid at the Office *where they are received*. When prepaid quarterly in advance, the Postage is *Thirty-six Cents a year* on the MAGAZINE, and *Twenty-six Cents a year* on the WEEKLY.

Persons residing in the British Provinces will remit, in addition to their Subscription, *Thirty-six Cents* on the MAGAZINE, and *Twenty-six Cents* on the WEEKLY, for the American postage.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.